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"Small sands the mountains make, moments the year,
And trifles life." YOUNG.

"Nihil est aliud magnum quam multa minuta." VET. AUCT.

THE records of antiquity, and the history of modern times, united with our own observation on man, contribute to confirm the opinion, that, among numbers of distinguished and honourable characteristics of his nature, there is one pre-eminently conspicuous virtue, which, amid all the adverse occurrences that checker his way through this world, and frequently rend from their base the strongest affections and most deep-rooted prejudices, remains unshaken: this is love of country. He ever dwells with pleasure and delight on the success and improvement, the prosperity and grandeur which are attained by the land of his nativity, under whose auspices he has been nurtured and cherished with maternal care; or even if a sad reverse has been unfortunately experienced, if base rulers and corrupt laws have involved it in ruin; if Adversity, with all her concomitant evils, has swayed her sceptre; if the mild genius of Peace is compelled to yield to the horrors of War, Famine, and Pestilence, wishfully he anticipates better times, and is heard to utter, in faltering accents, the affectionate declaration, "Still thou art my country."

Participating in these feelings, to which I hope ever to be allied, and which must be associated with the best attachments of your hearts, I am induced cursorily to review the history of our country, from the first moment that we are furnished with testimony of the discovery of America, and her progress to the present time, and thence to deduce the comparative claim which she possesses to those various degrees of refinement, the ornament and boast

of trans-atlantic nations. The causes which have produced this effect will require notice; together with some general observations on the advantages flowing from a cultivation of knowledge; and, more particularly, an inquiry into the benefits that are derived from institutions of this kind, established for the promotion of learning. On surveying the extensive field which is necessarily presented to the view, when I cast a retrospective glance over a period of time which has noted the commencement and conclusion of successive centuries, even without remarking the degrees of improvement that have been manifested in their progression, I subject myself to a task which I proceed to execute with diffidence.

Inviting your attention to those early times, we find that Christopher Columbus, directed by that Sovereign Finger, which can trace, in one moment, not only the terrestrial, but celestial creation, was, in 1492, safely conducted through the trackless Atlantic, and claimed the honour of having discovered a new world; about six years after which, John Cabot, an enterprising navigator, explored the northern part of the American continent, now included within the United States; and amongst the first engaged to colonize this "*waste howling wilderness*" was the superior genius of sir Walter Raleigh, who arrived, with a few adventurers, in Virginia (so called by him in honour of the virgin queen, Elizabeth), in 1585, between which time and the year 1732 the different provinces were first settled.

At this period, we are naturally led to view our adventurous predecessors contending with all the hardships and difficulties incident to their new situation; the humble occupants of huts and caves, substituting the plough and the axe for the volume and the pen, forsaking all the endearments of social life, and dwelling in desart places, hitherto the residence only of beasts of prey and a barbarous people,

"Amid the forest where no tree was fell'd,
Where savage men at midnight orgies yell'd,
Where howl'd round burning pyres each ravening beast,
As fiend-like forms devour'd their bloody feast,
And hoarse resounded o'er the horrid heath
The doleful war-whoop or the song of death*."

Picture to yourselves that immense territory from the St. Lawrence to the Missisippi, covered with lofty forests, traversed only by ferocious beasts, and not less savage men, now the seat of a mighty empire! Remember that the invincible industry of our ancestors caused the desart to change its original unwelcome aspect; that where the native so lately lighted up the fire of dreadful council, and resolved to satiate his unrelenting vengeance on his brothers, were soon extended fields, whose product afforded the necessaries of life, and declared the first dawn of civilization.

To the pursuit of agriculture their attention was early directed; indeed, at that period, it was their only resource; we are therefore bound, as dutiful chidren, to acknowledge it as the parent to whom we owe our present condition, and to venerate the sickle and the plough, as pioneers to the prosperity which surrounds us. It would be a rational supposition, that a people, engaged in rustic employments, and depressed by poverty, could devote but a small portion of time to the promotion of learning: but it seems the contrary was the fact; for, as early as 1638, Harvard university, in the state of Massachusetts, was founded; and the ancient laws of that colony required and enjoined, that every village, which contained a certain number of families, should make provision for teaching their children, not only the rudiments of English learning,

* Humphreys.

but also the Latin and Greek languages.

From this time, we date a new and interesting era in the annals of our country; at this moment the sun of literature arose with resplendent majesty in the eastern hemisphere; its mild and genial rays, as it approached the zenith, diffused throughout those cold and extensive regions, which never before had been penetrated by its warmth, a spirit of emulation, that has since happily succeeded to produce a rich and plentiful harvest in the field of learning.

To trace, in chronological order, the minutiæ of improvement, which the revolution of many years effected in the various branches of science, or as they were severally objects of attention, is not in my power; no historian has done so much for the pleasure and gratification of the present age.

As an inducement to our exertions, we should remember, that to retard her advancement in the cultivation of the polished arts and sciences, a long and tedious war intervened, when the scholar was compelled to leave his favourite studies, and assume the duties of the soldier, and the voice of learning was drowned in the din of arms; every enterprize was palsied and abandoned; the energies of genius were employed for the promotion of the common cause, and the termination of the direful conflict. Notwithstanding these obstacles, we find our country emerging through them all; from a state of dependence she has attained the character of a republican commonwealth, acknowledged and respected in the list of nations.

Such is the condition in which we now find the United States; for, in proportion to the rapid advancement in agricultural improvement, commercial enterprize increased, and wealth succeeded to nurture scientific and literary knowledge. We now boast of having founded three universities and seventeen colleges, in which are taught the whole circle of the sciences; where statesmen and philosophers have been reared into conspicuous usefulness, to dignify and adorn their country; and it is pleasing to remark the numberless inferior seminaries of learning, offering to all the privilege of acquiring information commensurate with their various situations in life.

When we unfold the volumes of science, we are impressed with a belief that Europe claims the character of being the maternal soil in which it grew. In more modern times, she exults in having given birth to a Bacon, a Newton, a Boerhaave, and a Linnæus; but whilst we acknowledge these to be bright and shining luminaries in their respective professions, we are not ashamed to arrange in comparison the names of Franklin* and Winthrop†, Barton‡ and Rittenhouse ||, philosophers that America is proud to call her sons: the indefatigable labours of

* Some of Dr. Franklin's political and anti-religious opinions are understood to be excepted in the small tribute of praise which is here attempted to be conferred on his character: as a philosopher, it is but just to acknowledge that he added honour to his country. We are indebted to him for the discovery of the identity of the electric fluid and lightning, and the peculiar power of pointed bodies to conduct it harmless to the earth.

† John Winthrop, LL. D., formerly Hollisian professor of mathematics at Cambridge.

‡ Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D., professor of materia medica, natural history, and botany in the university of Pennsylvania.

|| Rittenhouse. Among the numerous proofs of the genius of this great man, his celebrated orrery is the most wonderful piece of mechanism in existence. It contains *eleven thousand wheels*, and exhibits solar and lunar eclipses for the space of eight thousand years, the time of their occurrence, the digits eclipsed, and many other phenomena, which it is almost impossible to believe human genius ever could have pourtrayed in miniature to the admiring eye of man.

the first have been no less successful in investigating and determining the laws of electricity, than the comprehensive mind of the last in ascertaining and explaining numerous facts in astronomical science before involved in uncertainty. In the long catalogue of European historians are the names of Gibbon, Hume, and Rollin; they have afforded us the pleasure of tracing the rise of empires to the zenith of grandeur, and, with melancholy step, conducted us to the tombs of nations: but posterity with us, with honourable ambition, can say, we have our Ramsey and Minot, Belknap and Marshall, under whose pens have swelled the pages of historic truth. Europe has charmed the world with the sublimity and elegance of her poets; Milton and Young, in melodious numbers, have won our affection, and demand our admiration; to the genius of Pope and Butler we do ample homage: but still let us exult in recording the names of Humphreys and Linn, Dwight and Fessenden; bards of our own soil. In the fine arts, we claim a pre-eminent place on the scale of comparison; for we see that the pencil moves in the hand of an American*, under the patronage of an European monarch, unrivalled since the days of Raphael: extend the same fostering care towards them at home, and genius will be found in the bosom of our country, that will reflect lustre on painting and her sister accomplishments. In mechanics, our character is fast ascending to a respectable and commanding eminence, and manufactures advance as population increases, equal to our most sanguine expectation. Our commerce is extended throughout the globe; the product of every clime, whether of utility or luxury, is brought to our shores. As it respects humane and charitable institutions, we defy comparison. The spirit of philanthropy that appeared so conspicuously in the character of the illustrious Howard, which led him to the haunts of misery,

"Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
Where lonely Want retir'd to die,"

soothing and comforting the afflicted, or like that of the noble and generous count Rumford, ever employed in some scheme of economy to alleviate the distresses of humanity, is not a stranger to the breasts of hundreds of our countrymen. And when the clanking chain, whose sound still grates the ear of humanity, and which has enslaved thousands* in our land, shall be removed, we may exult in its being distinguished as the nursery of many christian charities.

In government we present to the world a political compact which has no equal, and it requires only public virtue to complete the science. Nor do I hesitate to compare the bright list of our statesmen with those of either ancient or modern times. On the theatres of Greece and Rome, in the career of their glory, Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, Cincinnatus, and Numa Pompilius all ennobled and dignified the character of man. Modern Europe has had her patriots in Chatham and in Burke: but I will confidently hazard the declaration, that since they gave wisdom to council, energy to government, and prosperity to the commonwealth, there have not been displayed more constancy, consummate justice, and disinterested love of country than were found in Penn†, Washington, and Hamilton, with many of their cotemporaries. Wreaths of never-fading laurels encircle the tombs that have received them, and whilst me-

* Sir Benjamin West, a native of the state of Pennsylvania, one of the founders of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, and lately re-elected president; also, painter to his majesty George III.

* The African slave trade.

† William Penn, the illustrious governor of Pennsylvania, in whose character was combined the piety and humility of a christian with that of a dignified statesman.

mory is co-efficient with the tender sensations of gratitude and affection, their names shall be embalmed.

We might pursue our comparisons much further. In more able hands, the subject would be found to possess a rich variety; but, without trespassing on your patience, let us proceed to inquire into the cause which has produced the effects presented to your notice, and thus fulfil in part the intention at first proposed.

The cause I pronounce to be *a cultivation of the various branches of general knowledge.* What but a liberal education, at least as accurate a knowledge of the principles of navigation as at that period could be obtained, enabled the illustrious discoverer of America to prosecute with success a design that has conferred so great a benefit on mankind? What but an acquaintance with the characters of human nature in its more refined state, could have qualified him to conciliate even savage affection, and repose in peace among nations of men uncontrouled in disposition, and desperate in action? What but a just appreciation of the inestimable benefits of useful knowledge excited the original settlers of the eastern division of the United States to establish and prescribe modes of education, and endow a public seminary at the early period at which it appears they did? What short of the cultivation of the useful arts, and more polished sciences, could have exalted the American name at this day to a comparison with the nations of the old world? Had it not been for this cause, Agriculture must have grown sickly, and dwindled to decay; consequently, Commerce, her handmaid, would have reared no towering mast, nor spread her flowing canvas; the channels through which enterprise is directed, and industry rewarded, must have remained for ever closed; Wealth and Competence would not have been enjoyed; Penury and Wretchedness must have grovelled where Liberality has erected her seat, and scatters bounty. The spots where now stand our crowded cities would have continued the hiding-places of beasts of prey; and where rich plenty is gathered from our flowing fields, the foot of civilized man would not have trodden.

See yonder dome! on whose proud summit may be distinguished the gladdening invitation, "*here is an asylum for the afflicted.*" Who are approaching its spacious portals? to whom do its folding doors voluntarily open? to the widow, who, comfortless and sad, there finds relief; to the orphan, whose cries are there lulled into silence by the fostering hand of endearing commiseration; to the aged and infirm, who are there solaced and supported. Ask to what it owes its origin: it will be answered, the mind that conceived the design was irradiated by the pure flame which Science had enkindled, and which Virtue has now fanned into a glorious effulgence. If, therefore, these advantages have resulted from an acquisition of knowledge, and such great ends have been produced by its powerful influence, when it was limited and confined by unavoidable restrictions, of how much importance is it for us, at this time, surrounded as we are by opportunities for becoming proficients in every branch, to embrace and cultivate them!

That such a disposition happily pervades our country, the numerous associations which are established for the promotion of learning, bear the most pleasing and decisive testimony. That which we, my friends, have associated to maintain, combines utility with instruction, and amusement consistent with the character of social man. In reviewing its infant steps from the hour of its existence, through one annual revolution, allow me to offer you my most sincere congratulations.

Let us here inquire into the origin and value of these literary societies. They owe their establishment to modern times. The ancients were unaccustomed to this mode of casting into common stock the various

descriptions and degrees of knowledge that many acquired, and consequently were strangers to the benefits derived from an interchange of sentiment, or comparison of ideas and opinion, on numerous branches of scientific research and literary inquiry, which have so much assisted in advancing, in these latter times, the cause of Truth. And, in attempting to pourtray their benefits, permit me, while indulging an enthusiasm which results from beholding you, my colleagues, collected on this occasion, to express my belief, that every association for the acquirement of science and literature, properly conducted, deserves a preeminent place in our minds, and invites, by the most pleasing anticipations, to pursue the path of knowledge with unrelaxed ardour. By these means we are imperceptibly introduced into a variety of studies which tend to expand the heart, and cannot fail frequently, and sometimes unexpectedly, to present to our consideration virtuous and moral lessons, which, if justly estimated and improved, will greatly contribute to our happiness in this state of being, and gradually wear away those imperfections that "flesh is heir to," and interest us in the pursuit of enduring felicity.

It is by cultivating his intellectual powers that man becomes, in some degree, capable of discerning the eternal and infinitely wise design of his Creator: he discovers that, unlike all his other varied workmanship, to whom he has given animal life, and provided in his bounty with means of subsistence, that *he* is presented to the world furnished with the gift of *reason.* Hence he intuitively learns that all the inferior creation is subject to his controul, and consequently that he is an amenable being: it becomes him, therefore, as such, to apply his superior powers to a superior purpose; and we find that he is not only qualified to enact and determine laws for the management of the important charge that is committed to his care, but that his inquisitive mind is directed into a thousand channels, whence he acquires a more profound knowledge of what he is capable of performing. What have been the offspring of his extensive researches? What the vast conceptions of his fertile mind? He has, with admirable ingenuity, almost surpassing any thing which could have been supposed ever to have proceeded from a finite and imperfect creature, analyzed the constituent parts of this stupendous world; he has not beheld the fair face of Nature with an eye of apathy, nor with cold indifference surveyed the matchless order and harmony that prevails throughout the works of Him, whose fingers made the heavens, whose wisdom ordained that the sun and the moon should revolve in their orbits, and united creation declare the splendour of his majesty*. Under the general term of philosophy are comprehended the systems that he has instituted. That of zoology comprises the animal world, and shows him, with admirable correctness, the numerous order and species of the living creation; and, conscious that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made," he has directed with success his powers to ascertain a positive knowledge of the human frame, and hence the science of anatomy. He has arranged the whole vegetable kingdom into classes and subdivisions, and discovered their intrinsic qualities. He has penetrated the bowels of the earth, and thence adorned the diadem with its richest beauties; the latent productions of nature have been brought forth and applied to their respective uses. The science of chemistry has arisen from his inquiry into the component parts of all animate and inanimate substances, and a knowledge of the economy of nature. The doctrines of light and sound are familiar to him, and he has weighed the air in

* "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained," &c. Psalm VIII, v. iii.

a balance. The science of astronomy is another monument of his genius: the phenomena of the heavenly bodies are no longer sources of dread and horror to him. During the gloomy reign of superstition and ignorance, an eclipse of the sun was beheld as the presage of the general destruction of all things; and we read of the warrior whose courage forsook him on witnessing such an obscuration, from which cause thousands of his troops fell victims to the sword of the enemy. Happy change! he now, with astonishing accuracy, can calculate the approach of such an event, and awaits its arrival with fond expectation. He has discovered some of the immutable laws that govern the vast machine, and the relative situation of this earth with other worlds is thus determined.

The human mind, so lately fettered with the chains of judicial astrology, is now fast emerging into a more just estimation of the glory of the firmament. The stars, which were once thought to preside over the fate of mortals, are now seen through another medium: they kindle in us devotion: not worship to them, *but to Him who scattered them through the heavens.* His mind, in short, appears unrestrained and unlimited in its energies; it would seem that the Supreme Architect had not only allowed this "image of himself" to wander through all his material creation, but invited him to extend his investigations,

"To look through nature up to nature's God,"

and thus reverence and adore the "great First Cause." From a state of rudeness we see him attain the character of an intelligent and social being, and the productions of nature are made happy instruments in his hand for uniting the scattered families of the earth in one great bond of beneficial intercourse.

As it respects mankind in a general point of view, I have endeavoured to show the advantages of science and literature; their peculiar benefits are not less important. The mind that is enamoured with pursuits of this kind, can seldom fail to secure a retreat from the cares and tumults of a jarring world; when other sources of gratification shall prove ineffectual, when the splendour of fashion shall no longer delight; nor the grandeur of wealth have any charms; when the career of public life and popular acclamation shall cease to be an incentive to ambition, and a cause for pleasing reflection, the scholar

——————— "Undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,"

may, within the sweet precincts of domestic retirement, derive from the vast store-house of learning an ample fund for the occupation of his hours of ease and leisure. In the morning of youth, it is a source of amusement; at the meridian of manhood, a ready and a constant friend; and when the shades of evening veil from the view those things which once gave energy and tone to the mind, it will be found to be a companion worthy of securing by many exertions, in the more vigorous period of life. Let us, however, especially observe, that if we do not permit our knowledge to be directed to promote the great end and design of our creation, it will not serve to calm and fortify the mind in that hour when life is fast ebbing away, and the mortal is about to be invested with immortality. In corroboration of this sentiment, our judgment may be better confirmed with hearing the opinion of a celebrated author. "Literature (says he), next to religion, is the fountain of our greatest consolation and delight. Though it is a solemn truth, that the profoundest erudition, disconnected with religion, cannot enlighten the dark region beyond the grave, or afford consolation on the bed of death; yet, connected with religion, literature renders men more eminently useful, opens wider the intellect for the re-

ception of divine light, banishes religious superstition, and bows the knee with purer adoration before the throne of God* !"

That our learning, that all our acquirements should be made subservient to this important and interesting duty, is the acknowledgment of *Virtue;* she proceeds in unison with *Wisdom*, and at the temple of *Religion* receives her most perfect consummation. Influenced by these considerations, and armed with that confidence which will necessarily accompany them, we shall be qualified to discern, and enabled to resist, those poisonous doctrines which some learned men have strewed through rich and flowery pages, calculated to ensnare the unguarded mind. The labyrinths of modern philosophy will be developed to our view, and our "*best reason*" taught to shun them as the highway to the dreary chambers of eternal night. We shall be conscious that,

"'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening."

In Europe Weishaupt and Voltaire, in America Paine and Palmer, have endeavoured to undermine the fair fabric of religious and moral excellence; they have attempted to invalidate the Holy Scriptures, by new-fangled, sophistical reasoning, too shocking to be rehearsed, much more so to be embraced. The principles which they inculcate, if generally received, must soon involve the nations of the earth in impiety and universal scepticism; high-headed Blasphemy would victoriously engrave on the tomb of Christianity, as she did in France on the walls of their cemeteries, during the bloody scenes of rapine and murder which her revolution presented, "Death is but an eternal sleep*." Let us turn quickly aside from these disgusting and sorrowful considerations, resolving to avoid the monster of infidelity, in whatever form it may insinuate itself, extending our pity to its deluded votaries, and with unshaken confidence believe, that, notwithstanding the numerous attacks which have been made on the christian religion, even by the prostitution of talents and learning, yet its foundation will remain unmoved

"Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft shall sweep the toiling race of men
And all their laboured monuments away."

In remarking the advancement which this association has made, during the past year, and the improvements which experience and observation have suggested, there is, among several of minor importance, one of considerable magnitude attached to the original design; which, without invading the primary intention, or disturbing the foundation on which it rests, will give permanency to the whole. We have voluntarily consented, for our mutual improvement, to prepare and read at our regular conventions, essays of either a moral, scientific, or literary nature. Be assured that this is worthy of our best attention, for whilst it will afford us an opportunity for collecting and arranging our thoughts, it will give ease and facility to their communication, and consequently improve us in the various requisites for good composition. It will excite observation on men and things, and invite us to select and peruse the most valuable books; thus "*conversing with the wise and learned of past ages*," we shall be rewarded with the experimental knowledge of the variety and charms of literature, that

* J. B. Linn. Powers of Genius, page 13 of the Design.

* See the annals of the French revolution.

"She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing."

Embrace, I beseech you, the privilege which this department of our compact affords; it will be found singularly useful in our numerous relations with men. Let none abandon the duty from ideal obstacles, for if we allow the artifice of irresolution or indolence to gain a controul over us in this respect, if we falsely imagine that we cannot express our views of any subject correctly, or to satisfaction, one very essential part of the system of education is unattained by us; and, in the same proportion as we admit the baneful influence of such impressions to have the dominion over our untried powers, so much the more formidable will the phantom appear. "Industry," says a learned author, "is the law of our being: it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God." And lord Bacon, that venerable champion on the plains of learning, has left for our information a maxim that will bear the test of examination, and, no doubt, within our own observation has been verified: "*Reading makes a full man; conversation a ready man; but* (mark the expression) *writing an exact man.*" Let us cultivate a disposition to arrive at this point, recollecting the ancient adage,

——"Labor omnia vincit
Improbus."——————

Another very important consideration ought to influence our minds. When we devote our time to composition, we should remember that every object to which our faculties are directed should possess a twofold end, *our own improvement, and the benefit of others.* With this pole-star to guide us, our labours will be amply requited with the most pleasing reflections.

Let then the talents with which we may be endowed, be employed in the best of services—the *cause of virtue;* remembering, that every doubt which is removed from the mind by scientific reasoning, every vice that is eradicated by the force of moral precept, every argument that foils the destructive tenet of the atheist and the deist, or even the pungency of well-aimed satire, which sometimes induces man to conquer the foibles which lessen his dignity, is so much done towards rending asunder the veil which hides from man in a state of nature the brilliant gems of religion and truth. Can we enlist ourselves in a more noble combat? or can we rally round a more glorious standard, than that on which is written "*vici**?" Listen! whilst I reply to you in the language of *Johnson*†: "No greater felicity (says he) can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness, of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the end of goodness, and, to use expressions yet more awful, of having turned many to righteousness."

To promote such laudable and honourable ends, and patronize American literature, this institution was founded; to confirm and secure them, remains to be performed by our united exertions: it is a duty that we owe to ourselves, each other, and the community in which we live.

When the eye retraces the path that we have thus far pursued, the emotions excited are not of sorrow but of joy. When the finger of Time directs our attention to each successive month as it has passed away, and Reason, with stern inquiry, demands what testimonial of improvement we may have to offer, Memory gladdens, as she recounts the hours we have spent within these walls, and approaches the *bar* of scrutiny with undaunted calmness, unfolding the pages of her record untarnished with a blot.

My friends and associates, our

* "*I conquer.*"
† Life of Addison.

country presents us a boundless field for the exercise of all our talents. With the same perseverance that our ancestors began and prosecuted the work of civilization and settlement, with the same ardent love which induced them, for our benefit, to awaken the feeble powers of learning, that slumbered during their more necessitous toils and labours, let us, in common with Columbia's sons, be engaged to prosper and facilitate its advancement towards perfection. Let our exertions, under more propitious circumstances, be proportionably great. Then we may indulge ourselves with the fond hope, that this western world, at some future period, will become as renowned, and be as justly celebrated, as the ancient theatre, on which were displayed all the elegance of learning, dignity of science, and ornament of art; and as an incontrovertible proof of the benefits already derived from their cultivation, in building up a nation from a dreary and inhospitable waste, our country presents the most honourable monument, its prosperity the most impressive inscription.

Animated with this view, and commencing another year, let us advance with redoubled ardour, and prosecute with renewed vigour the various duties that devolve on us as members of this association. Let our attainments in science, and advancement in literature confirm our *piety*, fortify our *justice*, and cherish our love of *mercy*. Let our ear be ever open to the cries of afflicted humanity, and our arm always outstretched to relieve the oppressed, for "graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe*;" so shall the angel of intelligence bear away to HIM who hath the "record of remembrance†," an acceptable tribute of gratitude for the countless blessings that have been conferred upon us.

Hail, happy period! If to these noble purposes all our knowledge be directed, its lustre will prove as a torch whose friendly rays will conduct us with safety into brighter worlds.

ROBERTS VAUX.

* Blair.

† Malachi, chap. iii. ver. 16. "A book of remembrance was written before him."

For the Literary Magazine.

A TRAVELLER'S LETTERS.

Concluded from page 264.

Patterson, August, 1806.

SCARCELY had I arrived here before I met Mr. H—— and family, and in a few minutes became acquainted with every member of it. For years we have resided near each other, but the crowd of a populous city prevented our acquaintance. Here, however, each party doubtless felt gratified in meeting an inhabitant of the town in which they resided: this at least was my case. I now felt myself more at home; their society enlivened the hours of the succeeding day. With them I wandered about the rocks and heights in the vicinity of the falls. I felt myself in a situation such as Sterne has somewhere described, when he said he loved to have a companion, were it only because he could tell them how much he admired whatever he saw. I could point out the ruggedness of the rocks, and bid them notice the roar of the torrent. The elder part of the company left the young ladies to my care, yet keeping a watchful eye on our motions, fearful that I might lead them near the edge of some precipice. This I did not dare to do while under their observation: a thick clump of trees sometimes concealed us from their sight, and then, without fear of giving alarm, we approached with cautious steps the edge of the steep cliff, and beheld the river far below us. Sometimes we amused ourselves gathering prickly pears: *this* we did not

find quite so amusing as we expected, they revenging themselves for the injury we did them in removing them from their native soil, by leaving their prickles in our hands. After wandering about the neighbourhood the whole forenoon, we sat down to a good dinner with appetites sharpened by fatigue, to which I at least did ample justice, when, after having drank a bottle of wine to our better acquaintance, the party set out for Philadelphia.

The house of entertainment at Patterson is kept by major Godwin, whose visitors meet with good treatment. They are numerous. Several parties from New York and other places arrived and departed during my short stay. Most of them wish to leave some memorial of their having visited the falls: the major's doors, window-frames, and, indeed, every piece of stationary wood-work in and about the house formerly suffered much from this desire of being remembered; even those parts of the rocks* in the vicinity of the falls which can be penetrated with a knife, are covered with names, dates, &c. inscribed on their surfaces. Fearing the destruction of his doors, &c., by this means, the major prepared a blank folio, wherein most of the visitors write their names, whence they come, the time of their visit, and, those who are able, verses expressive of their sensations, the treatment they have received, &c.; but, as every one cannot write verses well, you will naturally conclude the folio contains some wretched attempts: to this last I added considerably. Occasionally, some fine writing is met with; though such is the rage for writing verses, that they are frequently borrowed without an acknowledgment. Two or three respectable folios are already filled, in which I saw the names of persons from almost all parts of the world, some of the owners of which are celebrated for deeds of greater importance than visiting Patterson.

The town itself contains but little to attract the notice of travellers, or, if it does, I heard nothing of it. It is small, not very compactly built, and appears to be declining. It still contains several manufactories, among which are those of cotton and paper. The attempt at establishing a manufacturing town here seems to have failed; but, as I do not intend to investigate the causes, I will bid you

Adieu.

* Many parts of the rocks near the falls are composed of hard and soft substances intermingled. In some places, I could readily cut them with a pen-knife, they being not harder than a moderately well-baked brick; in others, nothing but a chisel and mallet would have been sufficient to perform the same operation.

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Newark, August, 1806.

I left Patterson this morning at nine o'clock, with an agreeable party, though rather too numerous, as fifteen persons, great and small, were packed into the coach. In such cases, people do not need a formal introduction, to become *superficially* acquainted with each other; accordingly we were soon on sufficiently good terms to enjoy a pleasant conversation on such subjects as offered themselves. Our road ran along the margin of the gentle Passaic, along whose green, and, in many places, elevated and picturesque banks, I saw many beautiful country seats, sometimes almost concealed from the view of the passenger by a thick wood, and only seen at the termination of an avenue, extending from the water to an elevated spot, commanding a rich and smiling prospect. During the pauses in the conversation, I amused myself by surveying the surrounding scenery, the unclouded sky, the verdant fields, the shady grove and tranquil stream, in whose clear waters I could see the little finny wanderers playing in conscious security. On every side we saw plenty of peaches, and other

fruits, which exposed themselves in so alluring a manner to the view, that most of the passengers yielded to the temptation, and plucked as many as they wanted. No one seemed to think it robbery, though it certainly *was* taking what was not their own. I, not willing to take them thus, nor to risk getting bad fruit, requested a black man to show me the best peach-tree in the orchard, which he did, and I amply supplied myself with some of an excellent quality. Eight or nine miles from Patterson we passed Acquackinack, or, as it is here called, *Quacknick;* a little town on the banks of the Passaic, remarkable for nothing except one or two attempts at steeple-building, which the architect took care not to build very high, lest that circumstance should induce the people to overlook the church and school-house, to which they are annexed, these last not being of greater extent than a good sized two story house. The destination of the stage coach not being to Newark, it stopped opposite to Belleville, a beautiful little town situated on the banks of the Passaic, about four miles from the former place, and to which no person except myself was going; I was unwilling to put the remaining passengers to the inconvenience of travelling out of their road, and myself to the pressure of close stowage, and therefore hung my little baggage on my umbrella, and travelled on foot about two miles, when I was overtaken by Mr. ———, of Belleville, who very politely offered me a seat in an elegant chaise, which I was not churlish enough to refuse, and, after a short ride, set me down at my lodgings, where I passed the afternoon.

Newark is a beautiful place, delightfully situated near the banks of the Passaic: the streets are broad and regular, and *appear* to cross each other at right angles; it has also one or two public squares, which add much to its beauty. The houses are principally of wood, but large, and finished with taste and elegance; the greater number are painted white, and provided with green Venetian blinds to the windows; the proportion of handsome dwellings it contains is more than commonly great. It has a handsome brick banking house; how many churches, I know not; but two steeples (these seem to be very fashionable in this part of Jersey), which give the town an air of importance, when seen at a distance. During the few hours I have been here, I have seen a great many pleasure carriages, of various descriptions, pass along the street fronting my lodgings: a circumstance indicative of the general wealth of the inhabitants, or of their extravagance.

The population of this town is considerable, if I may judge from appearances. It contains much genteel society, and unites many of the pleasures of a city life, with the retirement of a country one. There is one thing, the possession of which I do not envy them—a *goodly* number of musquitoes. These little wretches will scarcely permit me to write; they attack in all quarters; and, while one party regales my ears with their *musical* voices, another sucks the blood from my legs.—For my consolation, my landlord tells me he has now very few inmates of this description, compared to the swarms with which he was infested some weeks ago.

Adieu.

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Burlington, August, 1806.

I left Newark yesterday morning in the stage coach, with an agreeable party, bound to Philadelphia. Few circumstances occured during the journey, which were worthy of note. We passed through Elizabeth town, Raway, Brunswick, and one or two other towns of less note. On the road we met the *state coach* of Mr. ———, in which,

"Aloft, in awful state,
He and his consort sate."

We stopped on the road to dine, with appetites sharpened by a ride of twenty-five miles, and, continuing our journey till dark, reached Princeton. I might be expected to say something of this seat of learning, but I arrived wearied with a long journey in a miserable vehicle; the weather was very warm, and a warm supper did not contribute to cool me; my spirits were depressed; and I retired early to rest. The guests in the house were not very quiet, and prevented my sleeping. All these circumstances contributed to deprive me of my small share of good-humour, so that were I to describe it, I should probably obey my feelings rather than my judgment. I gladly obeyed the call of the stage-driver before day-light, and set off for Trenton, where I arrived early this morning. Here I parted with the company in the stage-coach, and remained behind a few hours. This is one of the disagreeable consequences of travelling. We enter a coach, where we find *strangers:* after a little time, the restraint we at first feel wears off, and the party become acquainted; probably, among the number may be one or more with whose society we are pleased, and of which we are in a few hours deprived, and in a short time we must mix with another party, whose society is tiresome and disgusting. This has happened to me several times during my absence from home, and is an inconvenience which, however it may be regretted, is one to which we must nevertheless submit.

The capital of New Jersey has frequently been described, and, were I disposed to add one more description to the number, I could do it but imperfectly. The weather was rainy during my stay, and I did not not feel disposed to walk through it. I left it to *walk* to Bristol, having no other method of reaching it after the departure of the stage-coach. I passed over the new bridge, which is not yet finished. It is somewhat more than 1000 feet in length, and, I think, 50 in breadth. It differs in its construction from any bridge I have seen, consisting of five arches of wood, supported by piers of stone. The floor is level, and, instead of resting on the arches, is suspended from them by strong chains, and, when finished, will probably be a handsome structure. The toll for a foot passenger is three cents.

My walk to Bristol was long and fatiguing; the weather was very hot, and the road lonely and deserted: nothing that had life was travelling the way I was, not even a dog. However, it was ended in a few hours, and, after crossing the Delaware, I landed at Burlington, and to-morrow expect to meet you at Philadelphia.

Adieu.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE FREDERIC THEOPHILUS KLOPSTOCK, AUTHOR OF THE MESSIAH AND OTHER POEMS.

KLOPSTOCK, the first and greatest poet of Germany, was born at Quedlinburg, on the 2d of July, 1724. He was the eldest of eleven children, six brothers and five sisters. His father was at first in the commission as magistrate of Quedlinburg, and afterwards farmed the bailiwic of Friedeburgh, in the Brandenburgh part of Mansfeld. He was a man of an original cast, extreme uprightness and good-nature, noble firmness, and undaunted resolution. In the number of his peculiarities, it is necessary to distinguish the extreme tenacity with which he maintained the truth of all presentiments, particularly those he often professed to have himself; as also the firm faith he had in the corporeal presence of the devil, with whom he had many stout combats in the night-time.

These whimsies of his father had however no serious influence on the education of young Klopstock. He left the powers both of his body and mind to unfold themselves freely, and shackled him neither with the exercise of authority nor the adherence to system. The son accordingly discovered early indications of a character no less original and happy than that of his father, although very different in its bias. His boyish years flowed on in one uninterrupted stream of happiness, such as would naturally result from a proper distribution of his time betwixt business and pleasure. He was employed some hours every day at home in learning the elements of the languages; and devoted the remaining part of his time with youthful ardour to athletic exercises. When pronounced to be fit for a public school, his father took him to the gymnasium at Quedlinburg, where he held the first rank no less in their scientific labours than in their gymnastic games; the latter however lost their interest for him considerably as he grew older. In his sixteenth year, he proceeded from the gymnasium to the college, where his character as a man and a poet displayed itself more positively and advantageously to view. The rector Freitag, a profound philologist, deserves particular notice among his teachers. He elucidated the ancients with a precision and taste very rare at that time: he sought to make his scholars familiar, not only with the language, but the spirit of the writer Under this gentleman Klopstock acquired a perfect mastery over the classics, entered into all the beauties of the ancient authors, and, while breathing in the fire of their originality and genius, fed a flame within himself, that was, ere long, to burst forth in full lustre. He applied himself very diligently to compositions, in prose and verse, and made, among other poetical essays, some pastorals, which were the favourite subjects of the youthful muse in the German universities. He read but few books, and those of the choicest kind, which he studied with the most fixed attention and minuteness of investigation. His principal study, however—the book which he perused the oftenest, and with the greatest pleasure—was man. His school-fellows were the interesting pages that supplied his observing mind with the richest materials for reflection.

At so early a period as the present he took the resolution of writing an *epic poem*, which had hitherto not existed in the German language. The high opinion he had of Virgil, his favourite poet amongst the ancients; the honour he promised himself in being the first who should offer the German public a work like the Æneid; the warmth of patriotism that early animated him to raise the fame of German literature in this particular to a level with that of other European countries; the just indignation he felt in reading the book of a Frenchman, who had denied the Germans every talent for poetry;—all combined with the consciousness of his own superior powers, to spur him on to the execution of his exalted purpose. He was however long undecided in the choice of his subject; he sought out some hero in the German history; and fixed first on this, then on that, and among others on the emperor Henry; but after choosing and rejecting for some time, he at length gave the preference to the Messias. This preference was given even before his acquaintance with Milton, whose Paradise Lost was but lately become an important subject of his study.

In the autumn of the year 1745 he left the college, and repaired to the university at Jena. He now applied to the study of divinity, but principally by himself. His main concern, however, in the stillness of his closet, was the realizing some part of his proposed scheme, by drawing out the three first cantos. As the alexandrine measure appeared to him too uniform and fatiguing, the trochaic too prolix, and

the pure ten-foot iambics totally unfitted for the construction of the German language, he composed these three cantos in prose. His performance greatly displeased him: he was fired with a laudable indignation at feeling himself so inferior in harmony to his grand models, Homer and Virgil. Lost in his own deep reflections, he would frequently wander up and down the solitary walks round the town; and in one of these perambulations he came to a determination of emulating the gigantic masters of antiquity in the structure of their verse. In a few hours, he completed a page of hexameters; and from that time decided on clothing his whole poem in this garb. Thus was he now the first who introduced a metre into German poetry that was conceived unattainable in that language. He afterwards triumphantly defended this mode of versification both by example and argument.

In the Easter of 1746 he left Jena, and went to Leipzig in company with his cousin Schmidt, from Langensalza, afterwards privy-counsellor at the court of Vienna. Here he soon became acquainted with the young favourites of the muses, who had formed themselves into a sort of literary society, in order to purify their taste by mutual criticisms on their various essays, the best of which were published in the paper intitled "Bremen Contributions." Their names were Gærtner, Cramer, Schlegel, Giseke, Rabener, Zacharia, and others. Our poet was admitted into their small society, attended their meetings, and submitted to their laws. About this time Klopstock began to display his genius in the lyric, and also in the sublimer epic style, and produced in these years many excellent odes of this description. These, together with the three cantos of his Messiah, appeared at first in the Bremen Contributions. However, at this period the taste of the Germans was not sufficiently formed for them to relish with a true zest the lofty flight of Klopstock's poetic genius, nor to penetrate fully the compass of his dignified and compact style; and it may with justice be observed, that Germany was now totally unprepared for the reception of a poet of so superior a cast. Yet his cantos were read with the highest warmth of admiration by all men possessed of a genuine love for German poetry and fine style; and this applause was fully sufficient to animate the poet in the prosecuting his sublime lyric strains.

Klopstock's stay in Leipzig became at length unpleasant to him, from the continual loss of his familiar friends, who gradually, one after the other, left the university. The warm and tender attachment that bound him to this estimable circle in Leipzig formed the sweetest remembrance of his past life, on which he dwelt with peculiar pleasure, even in his old age. While he contemplated in pensive melancholy each of his beloved friends sinking successively into the grave, his only comfort was the recollection of what he was once to them, and what he would be in future. He regarded each of their deaths as an approach for himself to that ultimate alliance with them that would know no term.

From Leipzig, Klopstock repaired, in the year 1748, to Langensalza, and there resided in the house of a relation named Weiss, whose children he undertook to instruct. This circumstance brought him into a nearer acquaintance with Schmidt's sister, with whom he had for some time been in the habits of correspondence. This young lady, well known by the name of Fanny in his Odes, was possessed of great beauty, combined with much good sense, that was well fitted to awaken the tenderest sentiment in the breast of a man as susceptible as Klopstock. Many of his odes and elegies are filled with that melting sensibility that bespeaks the purity and ardour of his affection to this young lady, who appeared however much more flattered by his passion than able to return it in a serious manner. The

pain of not seeing himself beloved by the object he adored; perhaps also the prejudicial influence of severe application on his health, particularly in treating a subject of so sacred and awful a nature, all conspired to throw him into a melancholy state, that lasted for some time, and threw a dark colouring over all his poetic effusions. This however fortunately wore away entirely after a few years, from travelling, increase of society, a fresh attachment, a growing fame, and constant occupation of his mental powers.

The Messiah acquired, in the space of a few years, its merited attention from all ranks in Germany. It found friends and enemies, admirers and critics, every where; but its approbation was owing as much to the sacredness of the matter as the beauty of the poetry: christian readers loved it as a book that afforded them at length, amidst the dry themes of cold orthodoxy, some scope for devout feeling; young preachers quoted it in the pulpit, and coupled the name of Klopstock with that of the prophets. The stauncher class of divines, indeed, who are ever alive to any inroads on their sacred jurisdiction, gave the poem the appellation of presumptuous fiction, contaminating the scripture-history with fables, and undermining the faith. An honest village-preacher once waited on him to beg for God's sake, and the sake of religion, that he would not let Abadonna (the fallen angel) be blessed in the end. Judges, or such as would be thought so, pronounced their sentences freely, either for or against this new epopee, in journals or pamphlets. However, these first critics on both sides were superficial, premature, and misguided judges: with the exception of Lessing, George Hess, and some few other writers, at that period there was not one who deserved the least notice. The partizans of the German grammarian Gottsched raised the greatest clamour against the work, on the ground of the language, and sought by poor arguments and sorry wit to depreciate its merits. The Swiss critics, as opponents to the Saxons, on the other hand, extolled and defended it with all their might. Bodmer, in particular, the admirer and translator of Milton, embraced the cause of the German epic bard with enthusiastic ardour, and contributed very greatly, by his warm eulogium, to accelerate the universal celebrity of his poem. Klopstock heard and profited by the public disquisitions, but never engaged in any of the disputes.

About this time our poet was invited by Bodmer and his friends to visit them in Switzerland, where his poem had gone before, to pave the way for his most hearty reception; as in this country it had produced an immediate and powerful impression in his favour. Klopstock accepted the invitation, and travelled in the summer of the year 1750, accompanied by the philosopher Sulzer, to Zurich, where he was received with open arms, and every one emulated to make his stay agreeable. He resided at Bodmer's house, with whom he had previously carried on a correspondence; and the latter viewed his guest with a sort of veneration not unlike what a believer would feel on seeing a holy poet or prophet of the old covenant, if any such were to make his appearance. Nay, he attached to the character which Klopstock had assumed, such very high ideas of sanctity, that he considered it a sort of profanation of his holy calling for the bard of the Messiah to enter into the gay society of his younger friends. His fame was not confined to the cities or literary circles only; it extended itself over the rugged mountains of Switzerland. Two girls once came down the lake from Glarus, with the sole intent of seeing the divine poet who had clothed the sacred subject of the Messiah in language suited to its dignity. He passed three quarters of a year in Switzerland; and immortalized his

worthy host Bodmer, as also his own famous tour on the lake of Zurich, by two charming odes.

Klopstock did not confine his visits to Zurich only, but undertook a journey into several of the neighbouring cantons. The air of Switzerland, that breathed the noble sentiments of patriotism and of freedom, was congenial to the fervour of the poet's soul, and wrought him to that pitch of inspiration that approximates man the nearest to his Maker. The uncorrupted German simplicity of manners still prevalent in this country had the liveliest effect in cherishing the tranquil current of his feelings. He found the people his friends, and was no less friendly disposed to them. They even wished to detain him amongst them, by granting him the rights of a Swiss citizen, and forming a rich matrimonial alliance for him; to all which he felt himself perfectly inclined, and was on the point of becoming their countryman and brother.

However, his destiny took another turn this summer, no less favourable to his external circumstances. As he possessed no independence, he had it in contemplation to enter on that course of life which several of his friends and acquaintances, as Ebert, Gærtner, Zacharia, and others had chosen, namely, that of the scholastic and pedagogic line in the higher schools, for the procuring which situation he relied on the interest of Jerusalem at the court of Brunswick. How easily might the poet have been then lost in the scholar, or the scholar in the poet: for Klopstock was not the man to divide his attention and his powers; whatever he commenced he pursued with all the ardour and vigour he possessed.

The good genius of Germany raised up in a right season the great Bernstorff, whose capacious mind traced in the very commencement of Klopstock's work the future glory of the poet. The three first cantos had been presented to him at Paris, where he resided as Danish ambassador. Kolpsel, who was the private chaplain to the duke of Gotha, made him acquainted with these cantos, and the circumstances of the author. Bernstorff immediately took the resolution of recommending Klopstock by letter to the then minister Schulin at Copenhagen, previous to his own return, and of afterwards taking him directly under his immediate patronage. Upon his reaching Copenhagen himself, Bernstorff mentioned Klopstock to his friend the head-marshall Moltke, who was then in high favour with Frederic V. Upon this the two ministers invited Klopstock to their capital, with the promise of such a pension as should set him above all the exigencies of life, and enable him to devote himself solely to the sublime inspirations of his muse. What could better entitle Frederic to the grand ode in which the poet dedicated to him the Messiah?

Klopstock set off in the spring of the year 1751 for Denmark. He took the road to Copenhagen by Saxony and Quedlinburg, where he saw his relations; by Brunswick, where he visited some of his academical friends; and by Hamburg, where he enjoyed the company of Hagedorn, and formed the agreeable acquaintance of the famous Cidli (by her proper name Margaret Moller), an intellectual girl, and a great admirer of his Messiah. This acquaintance soon assumed a tenderer cast on both sides, that terminated in the warmest affection, of which his odes afford us many excellent memorials.

At Copenhagen Klopstock met with the most cordial reception from Bernstorff. He there lived a very secluded tranquil life, never obtruding his presence at court, but dedicating his time entirely to his poem. During his residence here he appears to have enlivened his mind by Young's and Richardson's writings. With the former he even kept up a correspondence, and addressed an ode to him, expressive of his very high esteem and warm regard. The lively interchange of

letters that passed uninterruptedly every post-day between his beloved Margaret and himself knit the bonds of affection even closer, and rendered both more eager for their ultimate union.

Domestic circumstances, however, compelled the young people to make a temporary sacrifice of their present happiness to future comfort. Klopstock passed the winin Copenhagen. In the summer he attended the court with Moltke into the country to Friedenburg. His friend often introduced him to the king, who esteemed the poet so much, that he never failed giving him unequivocal proofs of the little impression which his enemies (the natural attendants on court-favour) had made on his mind. In the year 1752 queen Louisa died, and her death was commemorated by a dignified ode of Klopstock, well suited to the melancholy occasion. The king undertaking a journey the summer following to Holstein, Klopstock profited by the opportunity to return to the object of his affection in Hamburg, and consecrated this happy interval of the whole summer to love and the muses. This period may be regarded as the most fertile and blooming season for the poetic spirit of our bard, who, while inhaling the breath of love in the presence of his mistress, fanned the already vivid flame that had been kindled at the altar of the muses. To this frame of mind we are indebted for his captivating songs to Cidli, under the title of his Meta, and his best lyric pieces. His matrimonial alliance with her was however still deferred. He was obliged to leave her once more, and return with the king to Copenhagen. The whole following year, 1753, he continued in Denmark, separated from her. In the summer of the year 1754, he travelled again to Hamburg, where his Margaret at length, on the 10th of June, became his wife. But he enjoyed for a short time only the true bliss of connubial affection. She was snatched from him in the most interesting moment of offering him a pledge of their love*. The posthumous works which Klopstock published of his wife in the year 1759, are the most faithful portrait of her charmingly susceptible heart, and evince in the most striking manner the rare and pure fervour with which she was devoted to him. Her memory was sacred and indelible to the poet, till the latest period of his existence. He often wandered to her grave, in the village of Ottensen, near Hamburg, which he had fixed on as the spot where his own remains might in future rest by her side.

To the year 1771 Klopstock made Copenhagen his usual place of residence; but after that time he lived mostly in Hamburg, in the character of royal Danish legate, and counsellor from the court of the margrave of Baden. This latter title, together with a pension, was the grant of the present elector Frederic of Baden, whose invitation to our poet was so pressing, that he spent the year 1775 at the court of Carlsruhe.

Notwithstanding the serious cast that pervaded the writings of Klopstock, he was in his social intercourse lively and good-humoured; a gentle stream of attic mirth flowed through all his words and actions. It was a very rare case for him to be clouded by spleen, or any gloomy sentiment. "Klopstock (wrote Sturz, in 1775) is chearful in every company, and possesses an unabating vivacity, that gives a pleasure and importance to the minor concerns of life. He enlarges sometimes with all the exuberance of his poetic invention on a trivial idea, that grows under his formation into a vast assemblage of images. He is never severe in ridicule, nor positive in argument, but opposes with modesty, and listens attentively to the opposite sentiments of others. Equally remote from the groveling character of the courtier, or the superciliousness of vulgar pride,

* See her beautiful letters in the Life and Correspondence of Richardson.

he never loses sight of the man in the splendor of his situation: he esteems birth highly, but real merit still more. The disparity of condition between him and others makes him distant in his intercourse with his superiors, and frequently leads him to discern in the cold condescensions and patronage of the great a reproach rather than an honour to the person obliged. He requires therefore many advances on their part, proportioned to the superiority of their rank, before he makes any particular approach himself. In the polite circles of insipidly fine people, unmarked by any stamp of character, Klopstock is never to be found. He prefers the humbler and more substantial enjoyment of domestic friendship, heightened by the surrounding charms of nature, in rural seclusion. He is always encompassed by youth; and I have often been delighted with seeing him pass by amidst a croud of young people, all seemingly gratified at being in his company. In painting, he loves only what delineates life, thought, and feeling. He is interested by that kind of music which reaches the heart, but not by those violent tones which overpower the voice.

"The pleasantest season for Klopstock (continued Sturz), is the winter, on account of the skating. He is enthusiastically attached to this amusement, and recommends it to every one with warmth of persuasion. His life was however once exposed to a very serious danger on the ice."

To the very close of life did the holy harp of our bard sound forth notes equally sublime and full of divine inspiration. While sinking into the grave, he was engaged to present posterity with a collection of his works, such as would be worthy the great poet. From the year 1798 they passed through the office of the famous Goshen three different times, and evince the high veneration in which the poet was held by his cotemporaries; a veneration that will keep pace with the ages of the world.

Klopstock died as he had lived. He retained the sacred character which his religious principles had imprinted on him. The same convictions and hopes as had yielded to his soul serenity and exalted peace continued unshaken to his last moments. Of death he spoke with the most chearful composure: the consoling representations of a departure from this world; the pleasing images of death and immortality, sung by his own lofty muse, recurred to his mind in the moment of trial, and whispered comfort to his spirit as it fled. His dispassionate soul was undismayed at the symptoms of decay which increased every year. His bodily powers were visibly diminished in the winter of 1802. He was however well pleased with the visits of his friends, particularly in the evening. If they staid away for several days, he reproached them for their absence in a gentle manner. He frequently read in later times in the Messiah. "Think not (said the modest man) that I read it as a poet: I merely occupy myself with the ideas it contains." In conversation his cheerfulness never forsook him: he retained even the sprightliness of his youth; and entered also with the same vivacity and interest into all the domestic concerns and individual welfare of his friends. He suffered greatly from the cholic and the hemorrhoidical complaint by turns; but when any abatement of the pain allowed him to receive the visits of his friends, he forgot his ailments, regained his cheerful mood, and, waving the subject of health, invited his guest to drink with him a glass of the excellent old wine which his friends from far and near had sent to comfort him. He found this also a much greater strengthener than any sort of medicine. Of the modern events which have been lately disturbing the world, he with a manifest aversion avoided speaking. On the other hand, he turned

the discourse with peculiar pleasure to the past scenes of his youth, and whatever in later periods were connected with them. His retentive memory aided the liveliness of his imagination, the force and tenderness of his expression rendered the representation of these scenes truly interesting to his friends.

In the last weeks of his life he secluded himself entirely from all the world, even from those who were dearest to him. He sent them many times kind messages, but declined seeing them. Tranquility of soul; resignation to God's holy will; warm emotions of gratitude for the joys of life; a gentle endurance of the sufferings of death; a calm prospect of the grave; firm hopes and joyful expectations of a higher existence;—these were now the sum of all his sensations. The fair form of the angel of death; the soothing image of the grave; the exalting view of a better world, which fired the lofty-minded youth in hours of divine inspiration to pen his sacred hymns;—all these now hovered round the head of the dying hoary saint. The happy end of a good and just man he has sung in the twelfth canto of the Messiah, with an unparalleled grandeur of description. The courage of the man, and the triumph of the christian, attended him in the hard struggles of dissolution, that grew ever more painful on an nearer approach. In this exalted frame of mind he was once speaking of our Saviour: "Christ suffered (said he): we know it: why are we then astonished that he suffered, that he was obliged to suffer? Was it not the will of the All-Supreme?" In one of the last and severest conflicts with the aggravated sufferings of his soul and body, he raised himself up on his couch, folded his hands, and, with the uplifted look of one as it were transfigured, pronounced the holy words so finely illustrated in his ode of the Compassionator: "can a woman forget her child, so that she have not pity on the fruit of her womb? and should she, yet will I not forget thee." The cup of his affliction was now drained dry: he had drank a full draught: he fell into a gentle slumber, and awoke no more. He died at noon, on the 14th of March, 1803.

A solemn funeral, such as Germany had never witnessed for any man of letters before, honoured the last venerable remains of Klopstock. The city which our immortal bard had, from his frequently declared attachment to its happy constitution, inhabited for upwards of half a century, combined with the citizens of the neighbouring place where his corpse was to be deposited, in arranging the solemnities of his interment. The representatives also of the German and foreign states, the ambassadors and agents from Belgia, Denmark, England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, joined this association, in order to pay, in the name of their nations, this tribute of respect to the manes of Klopstock.

The ceremony took place on a clear spring morning of March the 22d. By command of the Hamburg senate, a *corps d'honneur* of a hundred men, on foot and on horseback, attended: military honours were appointed on the corpse's passing the eight guard-houses in the Hamburg territory; and before the main-guard the fine company of dragoons was drawn out. Notwithstanding the immense concourse of people, amounting to at least fifty thousand, in the streets and market-place, all interference of the police was superfluous. A universal sentiment of awe supplied its place: it impressed silence and gravity on an incalculable mass of men. At ten o'clock the procession commenced with the tolling of the bells of the six principal churches in Hamburg. A long train of carriages (which, exclusive of those from Altona, were a hundred and sixty in number), of foreign envoys and Hamburg citizens, senators, men of letters, merchants, teachers, and artists, followed close behind the open hearse, drawn by four horses, with

1803
1720

four riders mounted on them. On this hearse stood the plain coffin, covered with black. About half-way to the grave the solemnly slow-moving procession stopped before the gate on the Hamburg mountain that forms the boundary between Denmark and Hamburg, where an equally numerous crowd was assembled. At the gate of Altona, and the Hamburg landmark, the corpse was received by the first persons of the royal government, by the literati, officers, foreign generals, and citizens, who fell into the train. A Danish *corps d'honneur* succeeded that of Hamburg, which returned. Between eight mutes with black rods walked three young girls, immediately before the hearse. They were attired in white, and veiled, having garlands of roses and oak-leaves on their heads. They carried garlands of roses and myrtles, and baskets of opening leaves and spring flowers, to the grave of the deceased. Four mutes uncovered proceeded by the side of the hearse, holding the crape tassels that hung from the coffin. Thus the venerable procession passed through the main street of Altona. Before the parade and guard-house the funeral music of muffled horns added a melting solemnity to the tender melancholy scene. At the burying-spot near Ottensen a similar music received the mourners. Here the bier with the nearest attendants rested a short time. The train entered the church at one o'clock, and proceeded to the altar. Borne by the officers of the Hamburg senate, and encircled by the maidens and other attendants, the coffin now passed slowly on into the church. From the lofty choir the gentle swelling notes re-echoed through the aisle the psalm of the holy bard, entitled, "Our Father who art in Heaven." More than a hundred musicians, together with female singers, in white, from different families in Hamburg, attuned under Schwenke's guidance several strophes of this hymn as the coffin was set down before the altar, and the three maidens deposited upon it their garlands. The poet's master-piece, which was carried before, was now laid on the lid of the coffin. A youth covered the pall, that was turned up, with laurel-wreaths. After the psalm, the choir sung the dying hymn of Klopstock. Choruses from his sacred poem, set to music by Romberg, and others from Mozart's Dirge, succeeded the speech over the coffin. It was Klopstock's words which were on this occasion rehearsed. Mr. Meyer, the canon, read, after an introduction of a few words, from the twelfth canto of the Messiah, the representation of Mary's death, that sublime picture of a dying saint. Then the choir of young girls, accompanied by simple melody, sung the Resurrection. In the mean time the coffin was lifted up and carried to the grave under the lime-tree, followed by the whole train. Covered with the fresh firstlings of the spring and laurel-branches, it sunk down to rest.

Amidst the many singular perfections which Klopstock's muse combines within itself, it is difficult to sketch their particular characteristics. His style of writing is so original, that it cannot with justice be regarded in comparison with the great poets of Germany, or any other nation. What Klopstock sung is all grand, sublime, striking, and animated with a creative genius; there is every where an exuberance of imagination and an overflow of feeling: his stretch of thought is unattainable, whether in penning a religious hymn in the spirit of the psalmist, or a song after the manner of the ancient Cheruscan bards, or a ballad to friendship and patriotism; whether in retracing the language of the cherubim, or painting the human passions in his tragic poems with the strength of Æschylus. His world is an immense realm of imagination: his spirit hovers in it; and his tongue strives to utter what his spiritual eye has there descried. For that purpose a peculiar language was

requisite: one that was stronger, more comprehensive, manifold, and figurative, than the usual language of men who express objects from the real world. The same remark applies to the characters that Klopstock delineates. His eye seeks in the regions of fancy greater virtues, and also blacker crimes, than what here exist. His good, as well as his bad personages, have no model in this lower world. The virtuous man despairs of attaining the goodness of heart which he attributes to the good in his ideal world: and the wicked man regards himself but an infant in iniquity when placed by the side of those described in the poem, in whom he discovers scarcely any likeness of himself.

Klopstock's Messiah will ever remain the first and grandest poetic monument for the German nation. It consists of twenty cantos, and comprehends the Redemption of fallen Man, effected by the Messias in his humanity, from the commencement of his sufferings to his ascension. To this work Germany is indebted for the honour of not yielding, to any modern nation at least, in the higher department of epic poetry, and of maintaining a superiority over most. The religious epopee is carried in the Messiah to higher perfection than in Milton's Paradise Lost. The grand subject so beautifully related in the Holy Scriptures has received from the pen of the poet a more exalted form, both by means of his disposition, and by the ingenious fiction of his pious fancy. It has been rendered interesting by the diversity of narrative, delineation, dialogue, and lyric poesy; by the choice and rich assemblage of figures and comparisons; and by the perfect beauty of expression and versification. No German poet has ever reached the variety, fulness, and harmony of Klopstock's hexameters.

On the value of his odes all cultivated Germans have but one voice. They are esteemed with justice as the plain and appropriate effusions of a wise, upright, and patriotic man. He has indeed poured out his sentiments and feelings on what immediately concerned himself; but at the same time he has laid down the truest, usefullest, and finest maxims, for the guidance of human conduct. "The simplest of his odes (says Herder), particularly in detached lines, are Tunes on David's Harp. Many of his songs, and the most artless of his cantos in the Messiah, have given our language a simplicity, and genuine lyric construction, that we should in vain look for in our shining neighbours." His Divine Songs all breathe the spirit of christianity, a zeal in the cause of faith and love, a fervent piety, and an active benevolence.

From the superior qualities of this poet in the epic style, it is usual to forget his dramatic talents, which are however certainly not of a mean cast. Although his tragedies are more fitted for reading than representation, yet they discover the same traits of simplicity, dignity, and force of amplification, as well as fine language, which peculiarize all his productions. Whoever is familiar with the Greek and British drama, must admire here the similarity, though not the imitation, of their tragic effect. His first tragedy, the Death of Adam, which was very happily versified by Gleim, was succeeded, after some length of time, by two others, written in iambics, intitled Solomon and David. And then three dramatic pieces, Hermann's Battle, Hermann and the Princes, Hermann's Death, which, being all intended to celebrate the German hero Hermann or Arminius, who saved his country by valour from subjection to the Romans, are in reality but distinct parts of one whole.

While descanting on the merits of Klopstock as a poet, we must not pass over those which he displayed as a grammarian. He read, compared, and digested, with the most assiduous attention, all that was entitled to notice or language, however dry and uninteresting the study. If we except his new orthography,

and some other peculiarities, his copious remarks, in single essays, on harmony and measure, as well as in the Learned Republic, and the Grammatical Dialogues, will be found very judicious. The latter work must at least have a peculiar value and interest for the German nation, inasmuch as he attempts to prove, by many translations from the Greek and Roman writers, that his native tongue admits of the same conciseness, force, and nobleness of expression, that characterize these two ancient models of a fine language.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. V.

Sir Robert Walpole.

THIS minister, who was a strenuous advocate for peace, in his correspondence with cardinal de Fleury, tells some curious truths.

"I am hard put to keep these folks from fighting; not that they are fully determined for war, but because I am inclined to peace. Our English must always skirmish in the field of Mars, or on the benches of Westminster."—Again,

"I pay a subsidy to one half the parliament to keep it within pacific bounds; but as the king has not money enough, and as those to whom I have given none, declare themselves openly for war, it would be proper for your eminence to send me three millions tournois for lowering the voice of those who cry loudest. Gold is here a metal that has a prodigious effect in cooling hot blood and martial spirits. There is no impetuous warrior in the parliament, but a pension of two thousand pounds would make him exceeding gentle. Besides, if England declares herself, you will be obliged to pay in subsidies to powers for making the balance, without reckoning that the successes of war may be uncertain; whereas by sending me money, you will purchase peace at the first hand."

—

In the fair and courteous days of France, when a gay and half romantic gallantry was the universal taste of the young and old, the lofty and the humble, madame la mareschal de Mirepoix, already in the winter of her days, but with more wit and warmth of imagination remaining than most of the youngest and gayest ladies of the court, sent to her old admirer, mons. le duc de Nivernois, a lock of her grey hair, accompanied by some very pretty and elegant verses, descriptive of the regard she felt for him, which age could not extinguish nor diminish. The reply of the duke is one of the sweetest specimens of united tenderness and gaiety that I ever remember to have met with:

Quoi! vous parlez de cheveux blancs?
Laissons, laissons courir le tems:
Que nous importe son ravage?
Les tendres cœurs en sont exempts;
Les amours sont toujours enfans,
Et les graces sont de tout age.
Pour moi, Themire, je le sens,
Je suis toujours dans mon printems,
Quand je vous offre mon homage;
Si je n'avais que dix-huit ans,
Je pouvais aimer plus long-tems,
Mais non pas aimer davantage.

For the consolation of those American ladies, who, like madame de Mirepoix, are growing grey, and to assure them that the aged themselves, although not likely to make new conquests, have at least the power of retaining the admirers of their youth, I venture to insert this rude copy of a beautiful original:

Talk not of snowy locks—have done—
Time runs unchang'd, and let him run—
To us what bodes the tyrant's rage?
He knows not tender hearts to sever,
The little loves are infants ever,
The graces are of every age.

To thee, Themira, when I bow,
For ever in my spring I glow,
And in thy years approve thee;
Could I to gay sixteen return,
With love more lasting I might burn,
But dearer could not love thee.

—

A Greenland Feast.

The following is a bill of fare of an entertainment given by some principal Greenlanders to a factor:—1. Dried herrings. 2. Dried sea-fish. 3. Boiled ditto. 4. *Mimiak*, a favourite dish, composed of half raw and rotten fish. 5. Boiled willocks. 6. A piece of rotten whale's tail. This was the *bon-bouche*, the haunch of venison to which the guests were principally invited. 7. Dried salmon. 8. Dried rein-deer. 9. A desert of crow-berries, mixed with the chyle from the maw of a rein-deer. 10. The same elegant confection enriched with train-oil.

—

Duclos.

It is said of Duclos, that he never sat down to write till he had frequently conversed with his friends, on the subject he intended to treat; not for the purpose of receiving hints for the improvement of his proposed work, but that the warmth of conversation might excite a quicker train of ideas in his own mind. "With this assistance (he would say) I find in a few hours, what it would take me whole days to acquire in my closet, and which I might, probably, not acquire at all. I would even talk to my servant if I could not procure a more competent judge to converse with; even this would be better than solitary meditation."

—

How sweet to the soul of man (says Hierocles) is the society of a beloved wife! When wearied and broken down by the labours of the day, her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitudes and anxieties, and the heavier misfortunes of life, are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But, how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labour upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and her anticipation. By the immortal gods! a wife is not, as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to man. No! she shares his burdens, and she alleviates his sorrows: for there is no toil nor difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labours and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership.

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It would be difficult to say upon what principle the moderns have been accustomed to divide their tragedies into five acts. Was it from a misunderstood expression of an ancient poet? The divisions adopted by the Greeks were much more natural. A tragedy, like every other poem, requires a beginning, a middle, and an end. The prologue was that part of it which preceded the first song of the chorus, and in which the subject was announced; the episode included all the dialogue between the first song of the chorus and the last; the epode was the winding up, or conclusion of the piece. The chief action, and the incidents which changed the situation of the persons, and which varied their fortunes, were introduced in the episode. Now the second, third, and fourth acts of regular modern tragedies correspond in this respect with the episode of the Greeks. But it would be difficult to show that the Greeks confined themselves to any certain number of acts. The truth seems rather to be, that the chorus sung whenever there was naturally a pause in the action. The Greeks made the ac-

tion depend upon the story; the moderns are often compelled to interrupt the story in order to make the pauses.

—

I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should know that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *that he is unjust*, without defamation; and can seize his person, without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt is in that condition, with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like; but these instances are so particular, that they cannot come within general considerations: for one such case there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his government.

—

The wish of having our memory preserved after death by those who were the objects of our love and affection during life, seems to be implanted by nature in the human mind; and, perhaps, no feeling is more universal than that which inspires us with a wish that the fond partner of our cares and joys may never bestow on another the same kind of attachment which we have considered as our exclusive right. Yet there are not wanting examples to every one's recollection, of the greatest affection felt during life, without the smallest solicitude concerning its continuance afterwards. A French gentleman, passionately fond of his wife, presented her, at her own request, with the well-known story in Petronius of the matron of Ephesus: on a blank page he added some verses, exhorting the fair reader to continue her affection for him unimpaired while he lived to feel and enjoy it; but he concludes with some sprightliness, by avowing that he has no objection to sharing, after death, the fate of the Ephesian husband:—

The fair Ephesian matron's fault,
Who took her husband from his vault,
Shall ne'er make me uneasy;
While living, love but me alone,
But, pretty Sylvia! when I'm gone,
Then hang me if it please ye.

For the Literary Magazine.

PICTURE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

By Bishop Horne.

THE picture I shall present, among other advantages, has that of antiquity. It was drawn by a masterly hand, near three thousand years ago. The description I mean,

is that left us of a virtuous woman, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs: a description which all mothers and mistresses should teach the female pupils under their care, to read, and learn by heart.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." Such a one is to be found, but not without care and diligence in the search. She is well worth the pains taken in the forming her, and more to be valued by her happy possessor than all the brightest diamonds in the mines of the east.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." A well-nurtured woman is man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the Most High, and her purity unsullied as the light of heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies upon her, for the preservation of his possessions, and of herself, the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may be. He has no occasion to rob others by sea or land; to plunder provinces, or starve nations. Instead of her squandering his substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She will never abuse this confidence reposed in her, but endeavour to render herself daily more and more worthy of it. And even if her endeavours should not always meet with the desired success; if the good man should sometimes happen to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too. Her cheerfulness will revive and restore him. She will still "do him good, and not evil," while he lives: and, if she survive him, will continue to show the same kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. "My Servius (said the Roman Valeria, holding in her arms the urn that contained the ashes of her husband), though dead to the rest of the world, can never be otherwise than alive to me."

Solomon's description of a virtuous woman consists of twenty-two verses. It is well worthy your observation, that eleven of these verses (half the number) are taken up in setting forth her *industry*, and the effects of it. I shall recite all these together, that you may see what a variety of magnificent language is made use of, to describe her different employments, to recommend simplicity of manners, and make good housewifery and honest labour to be admired, in the rich and noble, as well as the poor and obscure among women. For you must bear in mind, that in works of the several kinds here mentioned, queens and princesses, of old time, disdained not to be occupied. You will likewise be pleased to consider, that, if the rich are exempted from the necessity of working for *themselves*, they cannot be better employed than in working for the *poor*; since "the coats and garments" made by the charity of Dorcas, were judged the best proofs of her goodness that could be submitted to the inspection of an apostle.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She riseth also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for they are all clothed with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She is like the mer-

chant's ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."—On account of this her marvellous and unceasing dilligence, with the many and great advantages derived thereby to her family, well may it be said, as it is said of her, "Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

But the honour is not confined to herself. It extendeth to her friend and her companion in life: "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." That is, he is known as *her* husband; as a man blessed with such a wife; as indebted, perhaps, for his promotion to the wealth acquired by her management at home (for honours are seldom opened to the poor); for the splendour and elegance of his apparel, to the labour of her hands; and, it may be, for the preservation and establishment of his virtue and integrity, to the encouragement, in all that is holy, and just, and good, furnished by her example, as well as by her conversation, the nature of which is thus described:

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." She thinks before she speaks; and therefore neither introduces a bad subject, nor disgraces a good one by an improper manner of discoursing upon it. And as charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth: all is lenient and healing. To express the whole in a few words, she says nothing that is foolish, and nothing that is ill-natured. But her charity is shown in deeds as well as words:

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." This is yet another good effect of her economy and management. She is not only able to provide plentifully for her household, but has always something in store for the poor. Since what avails a charitable disposition, where vanity, folly, and extravagance have taken away the power to exert it? In vain is "the hand stretched out," when there is nothing in it.

Having thus considered this finished character of the virtuous woman, we shall not be surprised at the praise bestowed upon it, in the remaining verses of the chapter.

"Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her," saying, "Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all." Happy the children of such a mother! they will be living proofs of the care taken by her in their education, when she taught them to walk, by the paths of honour and virtue, to the mansions of rest and glory. Happy the husband of such a wife, who sees all things prosper under her direction, and the blessing of heaven derived to his family through her. They will all join in proclaiming, that among women who do well, honour is chiefly due to the virtuous and diligent wife, the affectionate and sensible mother.

"Favour," or rather "gracefulness is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." A graceful person, and a set of fine features, are valuable things, but they are not always to be trusted; they may conceal tempers and dispositions very different from those one should have expected to find; and bitterer than wormwood must then be the disappointment of the man who has been directed in his choice by no other considerations. This, I say, *may* be the case. Let us hope it is not often so. God forbid it should. The face ought to be an index to the mind; and when all is fair without, as it is said of the king's daughter in the psalm, "all should be glorious within." But let beauty have its due praise, and suppose what you will of it, suppose all that the poets say of it be true; still, the wise man tells you, it is *vain*, it is in its nature transient, fleeting, perishing; it is the flower of the spring, which must fade in autumn; and if the blossom falls, if no fruit succeed, of what

value, I pray you, is the tree? The grave is already opening for the most elegant person that moves, and the worms are in waiting to feed on the fairest face that is beholden. Labour, then, for that which endureth for ever: let your chief pains be bestowed on that part of the human composition which shall flourish in immortal youth, when the world, and all that is in it, shall disappear, and come no more into mind. "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The crown, which her own hands have thus formed, shall be placed upon her head, as it were by general consent, even in this life; and her good deeds, celebrated in the public assemblies, shall diffuse an odour grateful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankincense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings of all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till awakened on the great morning of the world, descending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord.

Such is the female character, and such the importance of forming it by education. Without education it cannot be formed; for we are all born equally ignorant, and are what we are by instruction.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF GALLANTRY.

THE progress of gallantry is a subject not unworthy some attention.

It should appear that the Turks had produced some impression as well by their opinions as their arms, in Europe; for St. Foix quotes Gregory, of Tours, to prove, that, at the council of Macon, the question whether women were or were not human beings, was hotly disputed; and, after much division of sentiment, it was at last solemnly decreed, in this council, that women constituted a part of the human race*.

It is more difficult than men are usually aware to convince them that any one of the opinions they at present hold are either mischievous or absurd.

At the same council of Macon, another decree was issued, by which every layman, meeting a priest or deacon on the road, must present his neck to be trod upon; that, if the layman and priest were both on horseback, the layman must stop and reverently salute the priest; and that, if the priest were on foot, and the layman on horseback, the layman must alight, and not remount till the priest should be at a certain distance, the whole under pain of being interdicted as long as it should please the metropolitan†.

When crimes were mulcted, and the life of even a bishop might be paid for, to touch the hand of a free-woman, without her consent, was so great an offence, that whoever ventured to do it was fined fifteen sols of gold; double that sum if he took her by the arm; the quadruple, if he touched her bosom; and so forth.

Under the reign of Philip V, there was a whimsical society of fanatics, called *la ligue des amans* (the league of lovers), who pretended to prove the excess of their passion by an invincible resistance to every rigour of the seasons. The knights, 'squires, and ladies, married and single, who were admitted of the order, in obedience to their institutes, were to have very little clothing in cold weather, and very much when the heat was greatest. In winter it would have been disgraceful to have found them in their houses; flowers and foliage, if they were to be procured, then garnished

* St. Foix, vol. iv, p. 31.

† St. Foix, vol. vi, p. 81.

their fire-places. When one of them entered a house, the husband very carefully provided for the horse of the lover, and left him master of the mansion, not entering again till he departed. He in his turn received the same complaisance (if he were of the fraternity) from the husband of the wife, an associate of the order, who was the object of his assiduities.

This extravagant society continued till the greatest part of the lovers died of cold, declaiming on the constancy, force, and effervescence of their flame.

Of the gallantry of knights and dames of old, St. Foix relates many animated traits.

In the ages of chivalry no one could hope to please the ladies but in proportion to his courage and address in military exercises: they sought adorers among the brave: the proofs they required of the merit of a lover, and the force of his attachment, were combats, victories, and trophies. They would rather see him die than fly.

Marivaut, one of the bravest gentlemen in the royal army, meeting Marolles, who served in the army of the *ligue*, demanded if there were no one of his party willing to break a lance for the love of the ladies.

"There are a thousand," replied Marolles; "but you need go no further than me."

"You are then valiant, and in love," said Marivaut. "So be it. I esteem you the more."

The party was appointed for the morrow; and great preparations were made for the combat. Both the armies, and all the ladies, witnessed the victory of Marolles, who buried his lance in the eye of his adversary. Marivaut fell dead. The conqueror was brought to Paris with music, *fanfaradoes*, and public acclamations. The ladies crowned his victory; the people crowded the streets to see him pass; the preachers of the *ligue* said, from the pulpit, that the youth David had killed the Philistine Goliath; and the wits, who wrote verses in his honour, formed an anagram of his name—Claudius de Marolles—*Adsum in duello clarus**.

As Francis I happened one day to be amusing himself by a combat of lions, a lady, having let her glove fall, said to De Lorges—"If you wish me to believe you love me as much as you every day swear you do, go and bring back my glove." De Lorges immediately went down among these terrible animals, took up the glove, returned, and threw it in the lady's face; and, in despite of all her arts and advances, refused ever to visit her again†. His courage was great, and so was his good sense.

Such anecdotes are excellent to show the changes produced in manners by the progress of time and knowledge.

In the annals of gallantry the name of Diana of Poitiers has long been famous. She was the wife of the grand seneschal of Normandy, the daughter of the count de St. Vallier, and maid of honour to queen Claude. Her father, convicted of having favoured the escape of the constable of Bourbon, was condemned to be beheaded, and saved by the intercession of Diana, with whose charms Francis I, when he beheld her, became enamoured. It was this St. Vallier whose hair is recorded to have turned grey in one night.

Henry II, son and successor of Francis, was still more powerfully captivated by Diana, and she became his mistress at the age of forty, when he was but eighteen, several years before his father's death, and so continued during the life of her lover, even at the age of sixty, preserving her charms, as it is affirmed, in all the freshness and activity of youth, to the last. So great was the passion of Henry, that he not only created her a duchess, but had a medal struck in

* I am celebrated in the duel.—St. Foix, vol. iii, p. 464.

† St. Foix, vol. iii, p. 91.

her honour. Of this passion, also, the initials of Henry and Diana, interlaced in a cross in various parts of the Louvre, are another remaining proof.

According to father Bodin, Henry II made polygamy death: yet perhaps no French author can be found who has ever even seemed to hint that there was any thing so much as indecent in Diana of Poitiers having been the mistress of father and son.

For the Literary Magazine.

HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

IN ages past, the M'Leans of Loch-Buy were absolute monarchs of the south side of Mull; and in those days hunting deer was their amusement and support.

Loch-Buy commanded a great chase, and gave strict charge to an attendant named Gore (Godfrey) not to suffer a stag to escape through a certain pass; and at the same time declared, if such a thing did happen, Gore should forfeit his life.

Gore took his station; but, notwithstanding all his caution, some deer forced the pass, and made their escape.

Gore did not lose his life; but he was ignominiously chastised, in the presence of the chieftain and his assembled clan, on the summit of the peak.

The proud Highland blood of Gore boiled at the indignity he had sustained in the face of his chief and clan. Death, in his opinion, would have been honourable, but the sting of disgrace was more than he could bear.

Young and old were assembled to see the chase and poor Gore's shameful chastisement. Amongst the rest was a nurse with the infant son of the chief in her arms. Gore watched his opportunity, snatched Loch-Buy's child from the arms of his nurse, and, with him in his hand, leaped amongst the rocks of the peak, to a shelf far below the astonished spectators, Gore came safely upon his feet, with the babe in his hand, and there held his victim in triumph. Rewards and honours were offered; tears and entreaties were poured forth by the distracted parents to Gore, to save and restore their only son. At length he seemed to relent, and declared, if Loch-Buy was brought within his sight, and chastised in the same ignominious manner that he had been, he should be satisfied.

The parent, for the sake of his child, readily submitted to be treated precisely as Gore had been, and then required the restoration of his son. Gore, with a smile of triumph and contempt, raised the child in his hand at arm's-length, and with a shout threw himself over the peak. Both Gore and the child were dashed to pieces long before they reached the sea.

For the Literary Magazine.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

LAURA.

WHETHER we explore the pages of antiquity, or whether we examine the records of more modern times, it is impossible to meet with a character more *exalted* than that of *Laura*, or one that excites a greater interest in the mind. The names of Petrarch and Laura are so intimately connected, that it is impossible to give a biographical description of the one, without the other being named; for though an insuperable bar was placed between them, yet their *souls* (if I may use the expression) appear to have been joined.

Though upwards of six hundred years have elapsed, since this incomparable woman was in existence, yet we feel as great an interest in her history, as if she had lived in modern times. This, perhaps, is occasioned by the description

Petrarch has given of her, and from the spotless rectitude of her *mind*. This lovely and interesting female was the daughter of a chevalier named *Noves*, whose family had been distinguished for several centuries before her birth, and gave name to the town of *Noves*, in Provence, about two leagues from Avignon. At a very early age, her mother contracted her to Hugues de Sade, a gentleman of rank and fortune, but many years older than herself; and this union appears to have proved unpropitious to Laura's happiness, as there does not seem to have existed any similarity in their tastes. How long Laura had been married when she first beheld Petrarch, the biographers of that celebrated poet have not described; but the charms of her person must have been at their zenith, from the following account of her, which is extracted from his life. It was on a Sunday, in the holy week, that Petrarch was going to matins, when he first beheld *her*, whose image was ever from that moment impressed upon his heart. "She was dressed (says he) in green; her gown was embroidered with violets; but there was something more than mortal in her face and air. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as jet. Golden locks waved over her shoulders, whiter than the driven snow; and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was beautifully formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art in vain attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth, you beheld the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was ever so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her; but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the love of virtue; for she was *chaste* as the spangled dew-drop of the morning."

Such is the description which Petrarch gives of the beauteous Laura; yet the charms of her person seems to have been inferior to those of her mind; for though few women have ever been placed in so trying a situation, the tongue of malice never presumed to doubt the purity of her heart. As Petrarch was acquainted with the first families at Avignon, he found no difficulty in being introduced to Laura's friends; an intimacy was the consequence of this introduction, and it is natural to believe that Laura might feel flattered by the friendship of such a man; but the moment he forgot the respect due to her virtue, the moment he suffered the passion which consumed him even to be expressed in his eyes, "Petrarch (said she), I am not the person you have supposed me to be;" and from that moment her conduct towards him was changed. The coldness of *reserve* succeeded the *confidence* of *friendship;* and knowing that Petrarch always followed her footsteps, she never appeared without a *veil*. Of this severity he complains in the most beautiful of his sonnets, though he never presumed to mention it to the object he adored. Of the inflexibility of her behaviour he speaks in the following manner to cardinal Cologne, who was acquainted with every emotion of his heart: "It is now seven years since I have sighed night and day for Laura, yet I have no hope of ever being able to make an impression upon her mind. If I fly from her, I am pursued by her image, which penetrates into the remotest shades."

It must not be imagined, from this complaint of Laura's severity, that Petrarch ever encouraged an improper regard; he considered her as a being of a superior order, and his adoration was a mixture of timidity and respect. He had ventured to present this incomparable woman with a sonnet; this she considered as deviating from that propriety which ought to have been observed towards her as a *wife;* and though she must have been

flattered by the attentions of a man so highly celebrated as Petrarch, yet she was only anxious to preserve the purity of her fame. She perceived that, amidst all his shining qualities, he possessed violent passions, which it required the utmost precaution to restrain; and it was not sufficient for Laura to know herself to be *virtuous*, for she could not bear the idea of being thought capable of *vice*. United to a man by a contract formed by her parents, whose disposition was not calculated to conciliate regard, it became doubly necessary for her to act with coldness towards a being so dangerous as Petrarch, who could not conceal the passion which occupied his heart. She wished to preserve his friendship, without encouraging an attachment, which she knew proved an impediment to his future prospects in life: for though offices of the first distinction courted his acceptance, as they removed him from the sight of Laura, they were resolutely refused.

Saint Augustine, who had the highest friendship for Petrarch, in vain endeavoured to break through an attachment which he thought prevented him from exercising the superior energies of his mind. "It is to *Laura* (said Petrarch), whom you would wish me to relinquish, that I am indebted for what I *am:* never should I have attained my present glory and reputation, if the sentiments with which she inspired me, had not called forth those seeds of virtue which nature had planted in my soul! She it was who drew me out of those snares and precipices into which the ardour of youth had plunged me: in fine, she pointed out my road to heaven. The effect of love is to transform the lover, and to assimilate him to the object beloved. What then can be more virtuous, more perfect, than Laura? In a city where few characters are held sacred, has the breath of calumny dared to assault her? Has any person been able to find any thing reprehensible either in her words or actions? No; they could not even forbear respecting and admiring the transcendency of her virtues. Inflamed with the desire of enjoying, like *her*, a *great reputation*, I have forced through all the obstacles that opposed it. It is the *soul*, not the *person*, of Laura, I adore; that soul, so superior to that of other women. Her conduct, in the gayest moments of her life, is always pure, always uniform, always chaste; and the life she leads reminds me of that which the blessed pass in heaven."

The severity of Laura's conduct at length induced Petrarch to retire to a small cottage in the neighbourhood of Vaucluse, where he nursed that passion which proved the torment of existence, and composed many of those productions which delighted the world. The constant agitation of his mind at length produced a visible effect upon his constitution; the fire of his imagination began to fade; even Laura felt alarmed at the alteration in his appearance, and her manners towards him again were changed. His friends persuaded him to quit Vaucluse, and relinquish the studies in which he was engaged, conceiving that solitude nourished his passion, and proved injurious to his health. The most distinguished honours at this time awaited him; for he was invited to Paris by the king of France, and to the capital of Italy by the senate of Rome, for the purpose of complimenting him with the laurel crown.

Though Laura had forbid Petrarch from appearing in her presence, yet the honours which were paid to his superior abilities afforded her delight; and the alteration in his person softened the coldness of her manners towards him, and he again appears to have been permitted to visit at her house. He went to Rome, and travelled through the greater part of Italy: the most flattering distinctions were paid him wherever he came; but the image of Laura still haunted his imagination, and at length he determined to return to Avignon.

Though Laura was still young, and her person exquisitely lovely, yet Petrarch found it considerably changed: domestic inquietudes preyed upon her feelings, for she was as unfortunate as a mother, as she was unhappy as a wife. As she had married when a mere child, her family were grown up around her; but though she had bestowed the greatest pains upon their education, their conduct gave her the utmost concern: her eldest daughter, in particular, was far from a correct character, though the highest principles of virtue had been impressed upon her heart.

Her eldest son is said to have been all the fondest of mothers could have wished him, and she had the misfortune to lose him just as he was entering upon life. Her mother likewise died, whom she was tenderly attached to. These accumulations of affliction pressed heavily upon her mind. Modesty was the peculiar characteristic of Laura; and how dreadful must have been her sensations at seeing the want of it in her child! Notwithstanding the reserve of her conduct towards Petrarch, she certainly struggled against a passion, which she felt it was her duty to repress. The persuasion of Petrarch's friends, who were numerous and powerful, once more induced him to quit Laura and Avignon. He at first determined to go, without saying farewell to that being whose virtues he venerated, and whose person he adored. Still, however, he lingered round a spot which affection had endeared to him, though he felt the folly of exposing himself to those emotions which the mere view of Laura inspired; and summoning up all his fortitude and resolution, he determined to call upon her for the purpose of taking leave. "She was seated (says he) in the midst of those ladies who are her general companions, and appeared like a beautiful rose in a parterre, surrounded with flowers less beautiful than itself. Her air was more soft and touching than usual: she was dressed perfectly plain, without pearls, garlands, or any gay colours. Though she was not absolutely melancholy, she did not appear with her accustomed cheerfulness: she was serious and thoughtful; she did not sing as was usual with her, nor speak with that sweetness which charmed every ear. She had the air of a person who fears an evil, yet knows not the nature of what they have to dread. In taking leave of her, I sought in her looks a consolation for my sufferings: her eyes had an expression in them I had never seen before, and I deposited to their keeping my most inward thoughts."

This was the last time Laura beheld the man whose affection for her was unbounded, whose attachment was of the purest and most exalted kind: he quitted Avignon, went to Verona, and soon had the misery of hearing that the city in which the object of his affection resided, was infested by the plague. The anguish which this intelligence gave him may be imagined, but it would be difficult for the power of language to describe it: all communication was stopped in consequence of this fatal malady; but the fear of Laura falling a victim to it, continually haunted his mind. Though no letters were suffered to pass from Avignon, he was continually writing to the friends who dwelt there. The fears which he felt by day, made such an impression upon his imagination, that the image of the *expiring Laura* haunted him in his dreams. In writing to one of his friends, he says, "Formerly, when I had quitted Laura, I often beheld her angelic spirit in my dreams, and it used to console and comfort me; but it now leaves me oppressed with unutterable despair: it seems to apprize me of the misery with which her death would overwhelm me; but is it necessary that *she* should appear to forewarn me of her fate?"

It has been considered as the mark of weakness and superstition, to be biassed by the impressions

which are made upon the mind in dreams; yet who can presume to say that Providence does not permit a foreknowledge of the events which are to happen, through the perceptive faculties, which are even invigorated whilst we sleep? That Petrarch was apprized of Laura's death, through the medium of a *vision*, is a circumstance too well authenticated to admit of a doubt; yet the singularity of it is so great, as to excite the astonishment of the most credulous: I shall therefore relate it, for the entertainment of my readers, in his own words.

"Aurora had dispersed that thick darkness which renders the visions of night confused, when I beheld a beautiful female advancing towards me, whose appearance was lovely as an April morn. Her head was crowned with oriental pearls; and, as she drew near me, she extended her arms. Do you recollect *her* (said she, with an air of modesty) who, by engaging the affections of your youth, led you from the common road of life?—Not know you, my good angel? (said I, whilst the tears of affection streamed from my eyes): yet tell me, I beseech you, are you in death, or are you in life?—In life (said she, in an earnest tone of accent). It is *you* who are in *death:* and in death must you remain, till the time shall come when you are destined to quit the present world. But we have much to say, and little time for our interview; for the day is at hand; therefore you must be collected, and brief.

"On my expressing the most pungent grief at hearing she was no more, "Petrarch (said she), you will never be happy, so long as you continue to be governed by the prejudices of the world. My death, which causes you so much affliction, would be the source of the most exquisite joy, could you but know the smallest part of my bliss! To the spotless soul, death is a deliverance from a darksome prison, and an evil only to those who are viciously inclined. And remember, that the severest pains which can surround a death-bed, are the fears of eternal punishment. In the flower of my youth, when you loved me most, and when life was dressed out in all its charms, then was it *bitter*, compared with the happiness which I now enjoy. I felt more transport in the change, than any exile ever experienced in returning to his native country, or the weary traveller enjoyed at the sight of his long-wished-for home. There was but one thing which afflicted me, and that was the thought of leaving you."

"Ah! in the name of that Truth, by which you governed while on earth, and which you now more clearly distinguish in the bosom of Him to whom all things are present, tell me, I conjure you, whether *love* gave birth to this compassion: for those rigours mixed with softness, those tender angers, and those delicious reconciliations, have for ever kept my heart in uncertainty and doubt."

"You have ever (said she, with a sigh) possessed my heart, and shall continue to possess it: but I was obliged to temper the violence of your passion by the movements of my countenance. A good mother is never more solicitous about her child, than when she appears to be most displeased with him. How often have I said, Petrarch does not love; he burns with a violent passion, which I must try to regulate: but, alas! this was a difficult task for one whose fears and affections were alike engaged."

"Ah! (said I, with faltering voice, and eyes bedewed with tears), such sentiments would be ample recompense for all my sufferings, had I but courage to believe them."

"*Faithless man!* (exclaimed she), what motive can I have for this declaration, had it not been the true cause of that distance and reserve, of which you so often have complained? Recollect the day when you presented me with your sonnets, singing, at the same time,

——"This is all my love dares say."

I received them with kindness. Was not this taking off the veil? My heart was yours, but I chose to be mistress of my eyes. But the morning is far advanced, the sun is emerging from the ocean, and it is with regret I tell you that we now must separate. If you have any thing more to say, be expeditious, and regulate your words by the few moments which remain." I had only time to say, "my sufferings are fully recompensed; but I cannot live without you: tell me, then, whether you think I soon shall follow you."—"If I am not mistaken (she replied), you will remain a long time upon the earth."

It is easy to imagine the state of Petrarch's feelings upon waking, as the spirit of his beloved Laura uttered these impressive words. All communication, however, was stopped between Avignon and Parma; and the account of her death did not reach him until the ninth of May. On the third of April, this incomparable woman was seized with a spitting of blood, which was a symptom that preceded the plague, and immediately felt a presentiment that she should not survive. Death, however, appeared to her divested of his terrors: she received the sacrament, and arranged all her temporal concerns, with as much composure as if merely preparing for a journey; and though suffering the severest tortures, she endeavoured to reconcile her friends to her loss.

Not any thing can be a greater proof of the tenderness they felt towards her, in spite of her infectious disorder; for it was even customary for the *nearest relations* to fly from the being who was languishing under that complaint. Laura was seized with it three days before Petrarch had that extraordinary vision, and expired at the very moment that it occurred. Her soul departed gently, without a struggle, like a lamp whose oil gradually wastes. She died on the sixth of April, 1348; and her body was interred in a chapel which her husband had built.

The convent in which reposed the ashes of Laura, at Avignon, has lately been sold and demolished; and the chapel, in which a tombstone indicated her place of interment, is transformed into a stable of mules and jackasses. Of the inscription on her tomb nothing now remains but "LAURA"——and "*requiescat in pace!*"

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE DESIRE OF GAIN.

THE desire of gain is a passion so universal in all nations, and has been so in all ages, that it may be doubted whether the avaricious may not appeal to a principle of *nature*, in excuse for their continual efforts at accumulation. This passion, like many others, no doubt, follows the custom of the age and nation in which it is cherished, and will be more obvious in a commercial country than in one where the wealth is hereditary in the families of a few, and capable of no great increase. Besides, there is a remarkable difference between a miser of ancient and one of modern times. The security afforded to the latter by the funding system, constitutes this difference. A modern miser may remain in a state of torpor for years, while his wealth is accumulating of itself, merely by the regular progress of interest.

When we say that a man has a passion for money, we mean to reproach him; because this expression, according to common use, implies an immoderate desire of gain: but in its literal meaning it conveys no reproach; at least none in which all mankind do not share; for the passion for gain, properly moderated, is one of the chief links of society; binds men together in a community, and affords not only the pleasures, but spreads over an extended surface those comforts

which are necessary to happiness and virtue. A state of poverty, however cried up by poets, is by no means a desirable state; and that it is not so, appears from the circumstance that it is a state from which every man wishes to escape. No blame can attach to any man who does so, provided he be as careful to discriminate the means as to attain the end, provided he invade no man's property, and sacrifice no acknowledged principle.

The great question on this subject, which has been long agitated, and, notwithstanding the many opinions given, still remains undecided, may be comprised in these words—"What is enough?" I have heard *enough* defined to be something more than a man has; but if we look round the world among the moneyed men, we shall be tempted to think, that a great deal less than many men have is enough. An acquaintance of mine, an old humourist, used to say, that a man who had acquired a hundred thousand pounds in trade ought to be hanged; thinking it impossible that this could be done in the short space of one life, without having recourse to dishonest means:—an opinion which I shall leave to the consideration of my readers.

To me it appears, that no bounds ought to be set to the acquisition of riches, honestly; and that no definition of *enough* ought to be applied to a man who pursues his fortune in the true spirit of fair and liberal trade; and this, because we shall find that such a man, knowing the value of riches from the difficulties he has had to encounter in the acquisition, will rarely make an improper use of them; and upon the proper use of riches, very much of the happiness of society, as society is at present constituted, must depend.

It must nevertheless be allowed, that money is the root of all evil; and that whatever good uses some men may put it to, we can trace most of the crimes of society to it. It seems, indeed, to have been appointed by Providence as the grand temptation, to which all men at one or other period of life are exposed. It serves to try their patience, their resolution, and their virtue. It is the criterion by which we measure the contented mind; and it divides mankind into two classes, the good and the bad: we frequently have no other way of estimating a man's character than by calculating his wealth, the use he applies it to, and the means by which he has acquired it. These circumstances enter so largely into the composition of the human character, that, if we are ignorant of them, we know but little. The difference between the generosity of a good or a bad man, constitutes a virtue or a vice; and we never thoroughly and sincerely admire splendor, pomp, and equipage, until we have learned somewhat of the means by which they have been acquired. The difference between him who robs the public in his counting-house, and him who robs an individual on the highway, is simply this, that the former is the worse character of the two.

That men should be desirous of wealth arises from various causes. The first, most natural, and most laudable motive is to obtain the necessaries of life: those acquired, the comforts and some of the pleasures of society are objects of desire, and not improperly. Having reached this part of our progress, all beyond becomes dangerous, dark, and untrodden ground; and although we never ought to lose sight of an honest principle, we cannot help speculating on the superiority, the command, the respect which flow from great wealth; we cannot avoid looking at the splendid carriage, and taking a peep at the magnificent mansion and extensive park of our neighbour, and saying, "Who made us to differ?" This is a dangerous contemplation. If it be pursued, it may lead to fatal errors; if it be not, it often leaves sources of jealousy, dissatisfaction, and envy, which break in

upon the enjoyments we can command.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of the passion for gain, it is, I think, among the most pleasing reflections a man can make, that the majority of mankind are content with their humble lot; that, though born with like passions and affections with their fellow-creatures, they consign themselves to occupations, in the pursuit of which, by the utmost industry, it is morally impossible to attain riches or distinction. This consideration appears to me so truly consoling to a benevolent mind, that we ought to forgive much of the folly and wickedness of mankind, and fix our contemplations on this bright side of human nature. In almost all handicraft employments, how many thousands are there who can never attain, and never dream of attaining, to be masters and proprietors! Look at the millions who have in all ages been contented with the lot of labourers and servants: among them may be the indolent and the worthless; but the majority, the great mass, are honest, industrious, and temperate. Of these, how many consign themselves to occupations of the most pernicious and hurtful kind; how many earn their bread by the most filthy employments; how many are buried in the mines; how many expose themselves to the dangers of the ocean, to the vicissitudes of war, to the almost certainty that a great proportion will be victims, and to the chance that those who escape death in battle may find it in a tempestuous sea! The emoluments all these classes of men become entitled to, cannot well be called riches; they are adequate, and just adequate, to procure the necessaries, and a few of the comforts of life; and while they remain so, we seldom hear the language of complaining, or the murmurs of discontent.

Does it not appear from these considerations that inequality is not only the appointed lot of man, but that he is naturally disposed to perpetuate such an order of things? It appears absolutely inconceivable to a man living in affluence, that so many human beings should consent to remain in situations in which he would feel himself miserable; and from the frequent instances of despair and madness which assail those who have experienced great reverses of fortune, we see that such an opinion is not without foundation.

Perhaps,—for a conjecture may be pardoned on this subject, that is in its nature liable to so much speculation,—perhaps Providence may have implanted in the hearts of the majority of mankind (and those I have been speaking of are the majority) such an instinctive knowledge of the evils and temptations to which the rich are subject, as to create that contentment which we find in the humble walks of life. And this instinct may be easily improved by experience into a more perfect knowledge of these important facts, which an eloquent writer* has thus stated:—"Of the various arts by which riches may be obtained, the greater part are at the first view irreconcileable with the laws of virtue; some are openly flagitious, and practised not only in neglect but in defiance of faith and justice; and the rest are on every side so entangled with dubious tendencies, and so beset with perpetual temptations, that very few, even of those who are not yet abandoned, are able to preserve their innocence." It may therefore be considered as a peculiar mark of the favour of heaven, when a man feels in his mind no inordinate desire after riches, no jealousy of those who have been more successful, and none of those weaknesses by which men are betrayed into every degree of infamy to procure that which they know not how to use, and of which the only proper use would be to expend it in acts of retribution and repentance.

* Dr. Johnson.

Among the other evils which riches improperly acquired and improperly used have created, may be reckoned that increasing want of confidence between man and man, which threatens to poison the source of all our social enjoyments. And this too we shall find is most predominant where the passion of gain has been more successful; which is another argument to convince us of the superior felicity of those who have not known the sweets of successful avarice. This is so ably expressed by the author I have already quoted, that I shall conclude this essay with the sentiment expressed in his forcible language:

"If we consider the present state of the world, it will be found that all confidence is lost among mankind, that no man ventures to act where money can be endangered upon the faith of another. It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is concluded, with all their appendages of seals and attestations, without wondering at the depravity of those beings who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond or a settlement."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE OLIO.

NO. III.

Washington.

"IF we were to select the character, among the great men of antiquity, exhibiting the nearest resemblance to our illustrious Washington," says a respectable writer, "it would be Timoleon; memorable for the defence and deliverance of Sicily from external and internal foes; for the establishment of civility and order; and for the quiet enjoyment, to a revered and honourable old age, of the rewards of his virtuous labours, in the bosom of a grateful people. To that degree did he enjoy the affections of the Sicilians, that no war seemed concluded, no laws enacted, no political regulation made in a proper manner, unless revised and touched by him. He was the master-builder, who put the last hand to the work, and bestowed upon it a happy elegance and perfection. The trophies of Timoleon cost his fellow-citizens no tears, nor put any of them in mourning; and yet, in less than eight years, he delivered Sicily from its intestine miseries and distempers, and restored it to its native inhabitants. His military labours finished, he returned to Syracuse, and laid down his command, excusing himself to the people from any further service, as he had brought their affairs to a happy conclusion. His old age was cherished as that of a common parent. He died of a short illness, cooperating with length of years. His funeral was attended by many thousands of men and women crowned with garlands, and clothed in white. The lamentations mingled with the praises of the deceased, evinced that the honour paid him was not a matter of course, or in compliance with a duty enjoined, but the testimony of real sorrow and sincere affection.

"In this description, the analogy between the two characters is very apparent. In other particulars there exists no resemblance. Timoleon was a stranger in Sicily; Washington had the supreme satisfaction of imbibing and displaying his virtues and his talents in his own beloved country. Timoleon was long wretched, if not guilty, in the death of his brother, and was a prey to sorrow and remorse for the space of twenty years.

"No baleful domestic occurrence darkened the days of Washington; anxieties, inseparable from the cup of life, doubtless assailed him: but

those he sustained with that dignity that ever attends so greatly an exalted mind The tender sympathies of humanity were always cherished in the breast of Washington, and, in a war peculiarly tending to kindle and inflame the passions, he is chargeable with no instance of cruelty or revenge. Timoleon was blind in his old age, and the respect with which he was regarded was mingled with pity, reminding us of Lucan's image of an aged tree, casting a shade only by its trunk. The declining years of our beloved Washington were without apparent decay. He seemed like the mountain oak; and, to the last, we looked for shelter beneath its branches against every impending storm."

—

Written extempore on finding a miniature likeness of a deceased brother, which had been lost during a night of deep affliction.

Darling rambler, why forsake me?
Was it like a brother's love?
Did my bosom's storm affright thee?
Did it too tempestuous prove?

Come, return, the storm is over;
Patience now assumes her sway;
Come, thou dear and precious rover,
Go, and in thy mansion stay.

O, I thought thee lost, and sorrow
Soon would worn away my heart;
Come, though toss'd more high to-morrow,
We must never, never part.

Should a tempest rise yet bolder,
Leave, ne'er leave thy haven more;
On my heart thou'rt doom'd to moulder,
When the storm of life is o'er.

—

Eliza B—— to Caroline D——.

No, amiable Caroline, it is impossible. Your observation, that time and distance in a great degree extinguishes the attachments of the heart, is certainly not correct. My heart will concede to no such belief; for in what manner, then, should I account for its vibrations, when memory presents to my mental view the dear and interesting Maria, whom I must ever mention with tenderness, and whose departure from New York for Europe was the subject of my last. Should the eye of that amiable friend no more behold me, I should continue to live in her memory and affections. Yes, Caroline, our friendship will remain undiminished until memory perishes, and emotion is extinguished in both our hearts. Separation, no doubt, is often fatal to those attachments which partake more of passion than friendship: on the latter it can have no effect. The heart of Maria changes not its object. She selected me from among many others, more eligible to be the friend of her youth, and time has not, I am persuaded, weakened the tie: to be once beloved by her, is to be so for ever.

And why should you, Caroline, who profess likewise to be my friend, wish to deprive my heart of one of its greatest comforts; of the cordial that can revive it when low almost to fainting? For no sooner does the idea occur, Maria is my friend, than I bound in a moment, in my own estimation, on Honour's highest pinnacle. Why wish, I say, to destroy the belief, that I shall continue to be dear to a person so entirely beloved? The province of friendship is not to give unnecessary woe. But forgive me, dear and amiable cousin; such could not have been your intention. Perhaps the tenor of your letter was owing to mere playfulness; or, rather, your own heart may have been smarting, from a too firm reliance on some person whom you may have honoured with the name of friend.

Had you personally known Maria, you would have judged of her as I do. A partiality nurtured to affection in her heart, no time nor change of place will diminish, and the surety of this must in some measure console me for the separation that has taken place. She has gone; the great Atlantic now rolls between us; yes, Caroline, I feel I have

taken a final adieu of her in this world; for the last time she has bathed my cheek with her tears; and for the last time has my eye pursued the image which conveyed her from me until sight failed, and darkness and forgetfulness enwrapt me. Maria has long been to me as a sister infinitely beloved. Knowing her valuable heart as I did, I could not do otherwise than hold her in veneration; and I am convinced it would be impossible to make you sensible how greatly I have admired her interesting form and engaging demeanour. I have ever been an almost enthusiastic admirer of what I fancied beautiful, and never has my eye wearied with dwelling on it, when found in my own sex in particular; for somehow it caused a sensation I know not well how to describe: perhaps it might be the exultations of self-love, in possessing a heart capable of doing justice to the merits and beauty of another, of which I myself might be destitute. Whatever the cause might be, this I well know, the effect has been among the most pleasant sensations of my life. Maria has been most beautiful, nor can a face so formed as hers ever become otherwise; for time bestows on her more than an equivalent for what it takes; and each revolving year will make her resemble more and more an angel, until she commences one in the regions above. You ask me, Caroline, if this amiable woman is happy. In her own family she is infinitely so; but too acutely does she feel for the miseries of others, ever to know felicity of any long duration herself. She smiles on her husband and children with a look of inexpressible happiness; but turns from them and weeps with the children of wretchedness. Her intelligent eyes, which were but the moment before serene as the blue ether of the heavens, are suffused with many a pearly tear, and her sympathetic bosom heaves the sigh of heaviness. Her husband, the amiable Julius, is perhaps worthy of the prize he obtained, and, in so saying, he is paid a greater compliment from the heart, than the finest woven one the brain could ever fabricate. To be deserving of Maria, is almost to be more than mortal. You will smile, I dare say, Caroline, when I add, I often fancy I have an interest in Julius likewise. All in character of so an enthusiastic a being, you will say, I possess not a doubt; but reflect a moment, and you will perceive it very natural. Nay, how can it be otherwise? Is he not the protector of Maria, and the parent of her interesting and beautiful children? We love in common the same objects, and that, to a heart so formed as mine, has a powerful and undefinable effect. That which constitutes the happiness of those I love, must be ever dear to my heart. May sweet content never forsake the threshold of Julius, and never may the infant faces lying on the bosom of Maria be wet with a tear of their mother's, unless those of gratitude to the Almighty Benefactor, and Dispenser of Blessings!

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Select Sentences.

Seek not the favour of the multitude. One testimony, which will bear weighing in the balance, is of more value than the approbation of a weak and misjudging world.

Frugality is truly commendable when joined with liberality; setting aside superfluous expences, in order to relieve the necessitous, are acts the recording angel will not fail in engraving in golden characters in Heaven's eternal book.

In order to render ourselves amiable in society, we should correct every appearance of harshness in our behaviour. That courtesy should distinguish our demeanour, which arises not so much from studied politeness as from a mild and gentle heart, our manners ought to be simple and natural, and, of course, they will not fail of being engaging.

Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another

in every reigning folly, many begin with being ridiculous, and end in being immoral and vicious.

For the Literary Magazine.

IMAGINARY SPECTRES.

THE following interesting and curious narrative is extracted from a memoir presented by M. Nicolai, a member of the Royal Society of Berlin, to that institution, on the subject of a complaint with which he himself was affected, and one of the singular consequences of which was, the representation of various spectres to his view. He has investigated the subject in a most scientific manner, and with the coolness and deliberation naturally to be expected from a philosopher, as well as a medical man.

In the first two months of the year 1791, I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature; and on the 24th of February, a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief; when I suddenly observed, at the distance of ten paces from me, a figure—the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing; but, being much alarmed, endeavoured to compose me, and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm: and as I was extremely exhausted, I soon afterwards fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which lasted for half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind in which I had been, and it was supposed I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into some unnatural state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went therefore to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but it was always the same standing figure. A little after six o'clock, several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connection with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition, than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

At length I became more composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but, on the contrary, rather encreased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavoured, as much as possible, to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantoms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view

to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to the imagination. Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but, on the whole, I could trace no connection which the various figures that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight, had, either with my state of mind, or with my employment, and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no other conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions, than that when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear in such a manner as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions in my case were not in consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or of the otherwise usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

The origin of the individual pictures which present themselves to us, must undoubtedly be sought for in the structure of that organization by which we think; but this will always remain no less inexplicable to us than the origin of these powers, by which consciousness and fancy are made to exist.

The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other figures showed themselves afterwards very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however, of persons I did not know; and amongst those known to me were the semblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former; and I made the observation, that acquaintances with whom I daily conversed, never appeared to me as phantasms, it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavoured, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner; but in vain: for however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them *externally;* though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterwards unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantasms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish, with the greatest precision, phantasms from phenomena. Indeed, I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well, when it only appeared to me that the door was opened, and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened, and any person came in.

It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, and under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear; whether I was alone, or in company, by broad day-light equally as in the night-time, in my own as well as in my neighbour's house; yet when I was at another person's house they were less frequent; and when I walked the public street they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared, sometimes they remained even after I had closed them. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again, nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife, concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in mo-

tion than at rest. They did not always continue present; they frequently left me altogether, and again appeared for a shorter or a longer space of time, singly or more at once; but, in general, several appeared together. For the most part I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair where all is bustle; sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds; these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds of colours of clothes. But I think, however, that the colours were somewhat *paler* than they are in nature.

None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; most of them were ordinary in their appearance—some were even agreeable.

On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantasms increase, and the apparitions became more frequent. About four weeks afterwards, I began to hear them speak: sometimes the phantasms spoke with one another; but for the most part they addressed themselves to me: these speeches were in general short, and never contained any thing disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, who endeavoured to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces in my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone; though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons, frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantasms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but, on the contrary, afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night, if I happened to awake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches to the anus.

This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon, but, during the operation, the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast one on another; this continued till half past four o'clock, exactly the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly: soon afterwards the colours became gradually paler, and every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. At about half past six o'clock, all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little, yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish, which also had usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air; of some even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye, At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I have never since experienced any appearance of the same kind.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION.

AT a burying-place called Ahade, in the county of Donnegal, in Ireland,

there was lately dug up a piece of flat stone, about three feet by two, the device on which was a figure of Death, with a bow and arrow, shooting at a woman with a boy in her arms; and underneath was an inscription in Irish characters, of which the following is a translation:

"Here are deposited, with a design of mingling them with the parent earth from which the mortal part came, a mother who loved her son to the destruction of his death. She clasped him to her bosom with all the joy of a parent, the pulse of whose heart beat with maternal affection; and in the very moment whilst the gladness of joy danced in the pupil of the boy's eyes, and the mother's bosom swelled with transport, Death's arrow, in a flash of lightning, pierced them both in a vital part, and totally dissolving the entrails of the son, without injuring his skin, and burning to a cinder the liver of the mother, sent them out of this world at one and the same moment of time, in the year 1343."

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, COMMONLY CALLED THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

OF the lives of men who have been celebrated in any art or science, who have rendered themselves famous by the eminence of their genius, or the extent of their learning, it is a laudable curiosity to desire to be accurately and minutely informed. We are anxious to follow them from their cradle—to watch the progress of their minds—to trace them from the first dawnings of their genius—from the inexperience of infancy, to the fulness and maturity of their manhood. The object of the present sketch has not indeed reached the latter period, but he already occupies so large a space in the public eye, and the eminence he has reached at the early age of thirteen, is so much higher than most of those of the maturest manhood have been able to attain by the labour and study of years, that our readers, we are sure, will thank us for the following particulars, extracted from Mr. Merritt's well written biographical sketch of his life.

William Henry West Betty, only son of William Henry Betty, was born on the 13th of September, 1791, as appears from the parish register of the church of St. Chad's in Shrewsbury. Mr. Betty, the father, was the son of Dr. Betty, a physician of the first eminence at Lisburn, not far from Belfast, in the north of Ireland; at whose death he became possessed of a handsome independent fortune. His wife was miss Mary Stanton, the daughter of a respectable gentleman in the county of Worcester. She was a young lady of good education and high accomplishments, and brought him a respectable fortune, part of which, it is said, is entailed on the young gentleman who is the subject of these memoirs. It has been frequently said that miss Stanton had been formerly either a performer on a public stage, or in the frequent habit of acting in private theatres; neither of which reports have the smallest foundation in truth. The name of Stanton happens to belong to several families of theatrical professions in various parts of the kingdom; and this circumstance, from the mere identity of the names, may have led to a supposition that the family of Mr. Betty was included in the number.

It is, however, certain, that miss Stanton always discovered a great predilection for the amusements of the theatre; and she and her sisters, in their own family, used frequently to divert themselves with reciting plays and other pieces of poetry: an amusement not only innocent, but, under certain restrictions, extremely laudable.

Mr. Betty, at the time of the birth of his son, lived within a small distance of Shrewsbury, from whence he removed, a few yeafs after, to the neighbourhood of his native place, in the north of Ireland. He occupied a farm, and also carried on some business relating to the linen manufactory, near Ballynahinch, in the county of Down. He remained in this situation, till the rising celebrity of his son rendered it necessary for him to give up his employments, in order to attend the young gentleman in his theatrical excursions.

Mr. Betty, as well as his lady, has been always attached to the entertainments of the theatre, and has been occasionally in habits of intimacy with some of the most eminent professors of the dramatic art, both in England and Ireland. Hence it is natural to suppose that the subject of acting would be frequently introduced in the family, and master Betty must necessarily have imbibed some notions respecting it, and perhaps some inclination towards it, at a very tender age. The early enthusiasm and precocious excellence of children, in different arts and acquirements, may generally be traced to some causes of this kind. The work of education begins insensibly, and at a very early period in the infant mind; and it is extremely difficult to distinguish a natural propensity from an acquired habit. Almost all the extraordinary instances which have occurred of premature abilities have happened in the art or profession which has been exercised by the parents.

Mrs. Betty being herself an accomplished speaker, and residing in a district where the English language is spoken in its worst state of depravity, thought it necessary to pay particular attention to the education of her son in that ornamental and necessary acquirement. He was, therefore, exercised at an early period in the habit of reciting passages from the best authors, and was taught to pronounce the language with propriety.

In the summer of 1802, the play of Pizarro was brought out by the Belfast manager with much splendour, and Mrs. Siddons was the Elvira. As Mr. Betty and his son happened to be in the town, they were induced to go to the theatre, being the first time that master Betty had ever seen a play. From this moment his fate was decided. When he came home, he told his father, with a look of such enthusiasm, and a voice so pathetic, that those who heard him will never forget the expression—that he should certainly die if he must not be a player. The wonderful acting of Mrs. Siddons, in Elvira, not easily to be forgotten by the most phlegmatic, had left an impression on his glowing mind which nothing could ever erase. It was fortunate for himself that his first, and therefore most durable impressions, were stamped by such a model. He talked of nothing but Elvira; he spouted the speeches of Elvira; and his passion for the stage became every hour more vehement and uncontrollable. He returned with his father to Ballynahinch, but not to his usual occupations. The Siddonian accents still rang in his ear; and her majestic march and awful brow still filled his fancy. Every thing was neglected for his favourite object; and every thing not connected with it became tiresome and insipid. His propensity grew visibly more rooted by time; his importunities were irresistible; and his parents, at length, finding all opposition unavailing, were compelled to think seriously of the practicability of indulging him.

It may be remarked, as a strong proof of the correctness of his natural taste, that though Rolla is the hero of the piece, and a part which is eminently calculated to strike the romantic mind of youth, yet it made on his but a slight impression. Elvira alone was the heroine of his imagination; for he saw the character only through the medium of the actress. He was instantly able to separate the genuine ore

from the surrounding dross, and saw at once what was to be imitated and what to be avoided. A part of very inferior interest became predominant in his mind, because it was in the hands of a great actress.

In pursuance of the resolution he had taken, Mr. Betty returned with his son to Belfast, in order to consult Mr. Atkins, and to ask his opinion of the boy's qualifications. Mr. Atkins is the manager of Belfast theatre, and a man of friendly dispositions and liberal character. In his presence, master Betty repeated some passages from the part of Elvira, with the wild and unskilful vigour of untutored genius. The manager was a good deal struck with what he had heard, but wished to have the opinion of Mr. Hough, his prompter, for whose judgment he had a considerable deference. That gentleman was accordingly sent for, and immediately discerned in the boy's recitation and action great capabilities for a first-rate actor. He gave him a few instructions, and at the same time pointed out to him the part of Rolla, as a much fitter object of his study, than that of Elvira, to which he had been directed by his feelings on seeing the performance of Mrs. Siddons. The young gentleman felt the full value of the knowledge he had received, and, in the ardour of his gratitude, told Mr. Hough he was his guardian angel. The father and son now returned once more to Ballynahinch, and master Betty happening to find the tragedy of Zara in the house, began to study the part of Osman, in addition to that of Rolla and some others. Some time afterwards, Mr. Hough accepted a pressing invitation which he had received from Mr. Betty, to pass a short time at his house in the country, with a view of observing the boy more narrowly, and in order to give him more detailed instructions. Mr. Hough soon found that his pupil possessed a docility even greater than his genius; for, whatever he was directed to do, he could instantly execute, and was sure never to forget. He found that his feelings could take the impression of every passion and sentiment, and express them in their appropriate language. Whatever was properly presented to his mind, he could immediately lay hold of, and seemed to seize, by a sort of intuitive sagacity, the spirit of every sentence, and the prominent beauties of every remarkable passage. The happy moment at length arrived, which was to realize our hero's hopes and wishes. Mr. Atkins, induced by the reports he had received, and solicitous to bring forward some extraordinary novelty, on account of the extreme depression of the times*, offered him an engagement to play at Belfast for four nights. Accordingly, about the middle of August, in the year 1803, he announced the tragedy of Zara, the part of Osman to be undertaken by a young gentleman only eleven years of age. The singularity of the exhibition drew together a great crowd of people, who were equally astonished and enraptured at the performance of the young actor. A gentleman of the profession, who was present on the occasion, himself a good tragedian, and a competent judge of the art, assured me that his performance, even at that time, was striking and correct beyond all belief. He discovered no mark of embarrassment on his first appearance, and went through the part without any confusion or mistake. The applauses were, of course, tumultuous and incessant. The actors of the regular company were confounded to see themselves so completely schooled by a mere infant, and even those who had formed the most sanguine expectations concerning him, were amazed at his success.

The following day he was announced for the interesting part of

* The much lamented insurrection in Dublin, which caused the death of of lord Kilwarden, had recently taken place, and had spread a great alarm over all parts of the country.

young Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas. His performance of this part, it was justly thought, would afford a fair test of his real capability, as the character, without requiring any violent stretch of the imagination, might, in some degree, be assimilated to his years and figure. The deriding, as well as the "admiring throng," now made a point of attending the theatre; and the next day the whole town of Belfast, with scarcely any exceptions, were of one sentiment concerning him. He not only confirmed the favourable impression of his first performance, but he displayed new excellencies of a very high order, and such as are supposed to be of the most difficult attainment. The jealousy, rage, and despair of Osman, a usual gradation of passions, were more easy to represent than the chastened spirit and modest heroism of the gallant Douglas. It was thought impossible that a boy could be brought to comprehend or to pourtray these nice effects of contending principles. But every obstacle was surmounted. He played the part with such unaffected, yet energetic simplicity, that the most incredulous were satisfied, and his fame, among the inhabitants of Belfast, was firmly established. He next played Rolla with equal success, and afterwards Romeo, which concluded his engagement.

In the mean time, Mr. Jones, the manager of the Dublin theatre, had heard of this dramatic prodigy; and soon after his last performance at Belfast, offered him an engagement on very advantageous terms. After some negociation, the particulars of an agreement were settled, by which he was to play nine nights at the theatre-royal, Crow-street. As the young gentleman's talents and importance were now become manifest, Mr. Betty very prudently resolved to contribute every means in his power to bring forward and mature so rare a genius. With this view he solicited Mr. Hough to attend his son in his excursion to Dublin, as well as in all his future engagements: both for the purpose of continuing his instructions, and for taking the superintendance of his theatrical interests and conduct. Mr. Hough having conceived a strong attachment to the boy, as well as a sanguine hope of his future eminence, accepted the proposal, and immediately resigned his situation in the Belfast theatre. From that time to the present he has directed his whole time and attention to his celebrated pupil, and their strong attachment to each other is a proof that the appointment was mutually agreeable. On the nature of Mr. Hough's abilities, as an instructor, the public are enabled to decide: he is certainly entitled to great credit for the care and judgment with which he has fulfilled his trust.

His first appearance at Dublin was on Monday, the 28th of November, 1803, in his favourite part of young Norval. He was announced as the young gentleman who had acquired the appellation of the Infant Roscius, being only twelve years old. The house was crowded with company of the first rank; and such was his reception in the character, that the play was repeated on his second night of performing with increased attraction. The third night he played Frederic, in the comedy of Lovers' Vows, in which he was, if possible, still more successful than before. His representation of that character is, indeed, generally admitted to be one of the most perfect performances of the modern stage. He played the whole nine nights of his engagement to the most brilliant audiences, and with a great increase of reputation to himself, and of profit to the managers.

While he remained at Dublin, Mr. Jones was so sensible of his eminent talents and of his importance, as an acquisition to the theatre, that he became very solicitous to secure to himself so valuable a treasure. He offered, accordingly, to engage him by articles for a term of years, at a liberal and increasing

salary; but Mr. Betty very judiciously thought proper to decline the proposal.

The engagement with Mr. Jones being completed, his friends were induced to accept an offer of playing six nights at Cork, from Mr. Peros, the manager of a respectable company of comedians in the south of Ireland. He opened with Hamlet, on the 31st of December, and afterwards played Romeo, Douglas, and some other characters. The house was so full every night, that numbers of the inhabitants of Cork and its neighbourhood could not possibly get an opportunity of seeing his performance. An agreement was therefore made with Mr. Peros, to extend the engagement for three nights longer. That his power of attraction was beyond any thing ever witnessed in that city, will appear from the following circumstance. Besides Mr. Peros' theatre in Cork, which was formerly occupied by Mr. Philip Astley, and adapted for his performances, there is another belonging to the Dublin manager. In this the Dublin company play regularly several months in the year, and it is of course accounted the principal theatre. The nightly receipts at this house frequently do not exceed ten pounds; yet it is an assured fact that Mr. Peros, during the performance of the young Roscius, received upwards of one hundred pounds every night.

By this time the fame of his extraordinary success had reached as far as Scotland, and he now received a proposal from Mr. Jackson, the Edinburgh manager, to play a few nights in that city. The offer was accepted; but as Mr. Jackson's season was then far advanced, it was agreed that he should first perform at Glasgow the ensuing spring, and afterwards fulfil his engagement at Edinburgh. This interval enabled him, after completing his nine nights at Cork, to accompany Mr. Peros' company to Waterford; where he performed four nights, with as much encouragement from the inhabitants, and as much advantage to himself, as could reasonably be desired.

His friends now thought it adviseable to begin their journey to the north, as the spring was approaching, and it was desirable to be in a convenient situation for the passage to Scotland. This long journey, almost from one extremity of Ireland to the other, in the depth of winter, was of course extremely tedious and fatiguing. However, it was happily completed without any accident, and he once more joined his old friend Mr. Atkins, at Londonderry, where it had been agreed that he should play six nights, as the Glasgow theatre was not to open for some time. Having completed this engagement with the same good fortune which had hitherto attended him, they set forward for the place of embarkation to Port Patrick. Most unfortunately, in their way to the coast, Mrs. Betty was seized with a very severe and dangerous illness, which obliged them to stop at an obscure village on the road. Here they were detained for more than five weeks, under the most disagreeable circumstances; the weather being very inclement, and scarcely any medical assistance to be procured. At the end of that time, she recovered sufficient strength to go forward, and at length, after many difficulties, and a most stormy passage across the channel, they arrived in safety at Glasgow.

The scene was now entirely changed. They had entered into a new kingdom, where the habits and manners of the people differed considerably from those of the country they had left, and it was not known but that their taste for dramatic excellence might be equally different. Our hero's friends, who knew well the force of national passion and prejudices, were not entirely without apprehensions for the consequences of

this change. Mr. Jackson, they knew, had been blamed as well as ridiculed for bringing him over; and the reports from Ireland, respecting his admirable acting, had been treated in this neighbourhood as chimerical and extravagant.—His supposed excellencies had been attributed to that national partiality, to that ardent imagination, and that propensity to exaggeration, for which the Irish have long been celebrated. Mr. Jackson, however, who knew that the genuine feelings of human nature are universally the same, encouraged them to hope, and assured them that all would be well.

The first appearance of the young Roscius in Great Britain, was accordingly fixed for Wednesday the 21st of May, 1804, in the character of Douglas, the part with which he usually opens. His reception was equal to the manager's most sanguine expectations, and proved that the language of nature and passion are every where alike understood, and equally relished. Mr. Jackson, in writing on this subject, declares, "that he received the greatest bursts of applause that he had ever witnessed to have been given by any audience." He played the whole fourteen nights of his engagement to overflowing houses, and received the same approbation in every character he attempted.

From Glasgow Mr. Jackson conducted the young Roscius to Edinburgh, where he performed the same number of nights with such a similarity of success, that to describe it would be merely a tiresome repetition of the same modes of expression.

While he remained in Scotland, offers of engagements from the principal theatrical managers in this country poured in upon him from all quarters. He had already passed through two parts of the empire with an uninterrupted career of success, and the third now only remained for his scene of action. Till his performance at Edinburgh, he had been very little heard of in England, but his fame was now extending itself rapidly in every direction; and the continual rumours of his extraordinary talents began to excite attention even in London. Mr. M'Cready, the manager of the Birmingham theatre, was the first who brought him before the English public. He was the earliest in his application for this enviable and profitable distinction, and every one will be pleased to hear that his spirit and exertion have been most liberally requited. The young Roscius played at Birmingham fourteen nights; and the theatrical annals of that town furnish nothing equal to the astonishing commotion which his performances excited. The public inns were completely occupied with persons who came to see him from every part of the surrounding country: and even the stage-coaches, from places at a distance, were filled with passengers on the same errand. The case was exactly the same at Sheffield, where he afterwards performed fourteen nights under the same manager. The town was so crowded with company that it was with great difficulty a bed could be procured, either in public or private houses.

After leaving Sheffield, he arrived, about the beginning of October, at Liverpool. All his former successes at other places, however brilliant and unprecedented, were here completely eclipsed. The inhabitants of this town are particularly attached to dramatic amusements, and the ordinary receipts of the theatre greatly exceed those of any other in the kingdom, London, and perhaps Dublin, only excepted. This is apparent from the rent paid by the managers, Messrs. Lewis and Knight, to the proprietors, which is fifteen hundred pounds per annum. The house is also considerably more spacious than any other in the empire, except those before mentioned; yet the difficulty of admittance was such, during the performance of the young Roscius

that a few minutes after the door was opened, not a place was to be obtained in any part of the house. When the box-office opened in a morning, the pressure to procure places was so excessive, that many gentlemen had their clothes torn in pieces, their hats and shoes carried away in the crowd, and themselves, sometimes, severely bruised, and almost suffocated in the attempt.—There is reason to believe, that if the theatre had been twice as large, it would have been equally thronged. The terms of his engagement were so liberal, that he received from the managers, for his share of the profits of fifteen nights, the enormous sum of fifteen hundred and twenty pounds, as appears from Mr. Betty's receipt in Mr. Knight's possession. Perhaps it would be difficult to find an example of so large a sum having ever before been paid to any individual for personal exertion alone, in the same space of time.

From Liverpool he went to Chester, where he played seven nights; and his performances, as usual, were attended by all the gentry of the neighbourhood for a circuit of many miles. He left that city on the 9th of November, in order to perform a few nights at Manchester, which was his last engagement in the country, previous to his appearance on the boards of the metropolis.

It is a little remarkable, that, though on the stage his deportment and address are so completely those of a man, yet in private life he is more than commonly childish: all his amusements and sports are infantine, even beyond his years. But though among his equals in age he is sportive and boyish, his usual manner is serious and pensive: sometimes he appears restrained and timid; at others, he seems indifferent to every thing around him. But his fondness for play, and for every thing else, instantly give way when his favourite pursuit is in question. His attachment to his art is paramount to every other passion; and his character is another illustration of the remark, that Nature seldom inspires a strong ambition for any object, without furnishing, at the same time, the abilities to attain it.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE MOST VALUABLE MATERIALS OF BIOGRAPHY, WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS, AND REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER, BOTH LITERARY AND MORAL, OF COWPER.

I KNOW not whether it is from an ill-natured triumph, or whether, as I hope and believe, from an amiable sympathy, that those passages in biography and other writings, in which the movements, the foibles, and weaknesses of the human heart are opened with a frank and undisguised simplicity, are universally read with the keenest interest and delight. Hence it seems, that, whatever be the variations in shape, dress, and colour, of vanity and affectation, the real internal workings of nature, in the bosoms of human beings, have the strongest similitude. It is by pictures of this kind that the best knowledge is attained, and the most valuable quality of the memoirs of individuals discovered. These delineations afford the best topics for reflection and remark, and cannot be contemplated without deep improvement as well as pleasure. The ordinary incidents of personal history, those superficial events which give no insight into the feelings and sentiments of the individual, are of little attraction, and as little use. For this reason, those letters which were never intended for the public eye; those effusions in moments of strong agitation, in which the emotions of the soul prevail over all form, and ceremony, and ostentation, constitute the most precious materials for the lives of eminent men.

But, however easy it may seem to throw forth these natural and unaffected touches; to seize the primary, genuine, and unforced impressions of the head and the heart, it is a power which few have possessed at all, and still fewer in an exquisite degree. Yet there is a lately deceased author, who was most eminently endowed with this talent. I scarcely need mention the name of Cowper, who in his poems, and, above all, in his letters, has continually exhibited, by a few simple strokes of his pen, these affecting traits. We behold him, with a mixture of humility and conscious innocence, laying bare all the secrets of his breast, and pointing to all those amiable singularities and imbecilities, of which the discovery would have made more ordinary minds shrink with abasement. Well indeed does he illustrate how fearfully and wonderfully we are made! In thought so vigorous; in action so timid and weak: in the closet so easy, fluent, natural, copious, and bold; in public so confused, overwhelmed, and dispossessed of himself! Delighted with the cheapest, purest, and most virtuous amusements, yet often losing the relish for every earthly occupation, sinking into the most immoveable gloom, and deprest by the horrors of imaginary despair. Thence, when the deranged chords of his exquisite frame had again recovered their tone, trembling with new sensibility at every breeze, throwing forth new notes of poetic rapture to every air of heaven, and rising, almost to the very last, into notes of music and inspiration, which will never cease to charm, as long as the English language exists!

When age and sorrow had at length seemed to plunge him into irrecoverable melancholy, when he took little notice of any thing around him, and appeared to labour under all the imbecilities of departed intellect, still he could occasionally write poetry. When he was as helpless as an infant, and had not spoke for days, and perhaps weeks, he still possessed, and occasionally exercised, that high faculty with which nature had pre-eminently endowed him; he could translate, he could write in Latin, and execute that kind of composition which is supposed to require the full command of the best and loftiest powers of the mind. When he sat mute and helpless, and as it seemed totally lost, day after day, by the side of lady Hesketh, as she employed herself with unexampled kindness in transcribing the rough MSS. of his Homer for the press, still he could promptly resolve any difficulties she found in making out the copy, and had the memory of every passage ready at her call.

I must not pronounce the lot of Cowper on earth happy; but I cannot refrain from saying that I should have preferred it, with all its miseries, to ordinary felicity. I revere the talents and qualities which Heaven bestowed on him, with an uncontrollable ardour, which no worldly prudence, no cold ungenerous convictions of experience can weaken; and I view the just reputation he attained, and the inexpressible gratification of having been admitted to have possessed and exerted the charm of delighting the world by his poetry, not with envy, but with unabated love and admiration! It is true that such pursuits do not often gratify the mere ostentatious ambition of friends and relations; slights, and vulgar scorn and neglect, are the almost inevitable attendants of the bard among his neighbours; and the indulgencies, luxuries, and popular respect of wealth, and rank, and grandeur, which are generally considered the most substantial advantages, must not be hoped for. Yet I am unable to diminish my predilection for the empire of the mind! Many there might be, who, having risen by the exertion of coarser faculties, in the paths of public life, to the pinnacle of honours and riches, surveyed Cowper in his humble abodes at Olney or Weston with pity, or contempt, or rudeness! But, while

these are already forgotten in the grave, where their bones are mouldering with the dirt above which their base spirits never rose, the voice of the poet is still speaking to all our hearts and fancies, we behold his illuminated countenance, we wander with him over the fields and woods; our souls expand with his sentiments; we moisten his tomb with our tears; we guard his relics with holy idolatry, and, while his immortal part still hovers over us, we propitiate it in heaven!

But let us hear this humble, yet energetic, genius give a few touches of his own character.

1763. "Oh, my good cousin! if I was to open my heart to you, I could show you strange sights: nothing, I flatter myself, that would shock you, but a great deal that would make you wonder. I am of a very singular temper, and very unlike all the men that I have ever conversed with. Certainly I am not an absolute fool; but I have more weaknesses than the greatest of all the fools I can recollect at present. In short, if I was as fit for the next world as I am unfit for this, and God forbid I should speak it in vanity, I would not change conditions with any saint in Christendom.——I know not what you expect, but, ever since I was born, I have been good at disappointing the most natural expectations. Many years ago, cousin, there was a possibility that I might prove a very different thing from what I am at present. My character is now fixed, and, between friends, is not a very splendid one, or likely to be guilty of much fascination."

1781. "What nature expressly designed me for, I have never been able to conjecture, I seem to myself so universally disqualified for the common and customary occupations and amusements of mankind. When I was a boy, I excelled at cricket and football; but the fame I acquired by achievements that way, is long since forgotten; and I not know that I have made a figure in any thing since."

1780. "So long as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme. The unhappy consequence of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation seldom outlives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination, that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pressure with so much vehemence, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue. Hence I draw an unfavourable prognostic, and expect that I shall shortly be constrained to look out for something else" (than drawing). "Then perhaps I may string the harp again, and be able to comply with your demand."

1782. "Caraccioli says, 'There is something very bewitching in authorship, and that he, who has once written, will write again.' It may be so: I can subscribe to the former part of his assertion from my own experience, having never found an amusement, among the many I have been obliged to have recourse to, that so well answered the purpose for which I used it. The quieting and composing effect of it was such, and so totally absorbed have I sometimes been in my rhyming occupation, that neither the past nor the future (those themes which to me are so fruitful in regret at other times) had any longer a share in my contemplation. For this reason I wish, and have often wished, since the fit left me, that it would seize me again; but hitherto I have wished it in vain. I see no want of subjects, but I feel a total disability to discuss them."

1786. "I am not naturally insensible, and the sensibilities that I had by Nature have been wonderfully enhanced by a long series of shocks, given to a frame of nerves that was never very athletic. I feel accordingly, whether painful or pleasant, in the extreme: am easily elevated, and easily cast down. The

frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness. Yet I presently recover my confidence again: the half of what you so kindly say in your last would at any time restore my spirits, and, being said by you, is infallible. I am not ashamed to confess, that, having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. *I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) an infinite share of ambition:* but with it have at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking any thing, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path that at so late a period was yet open to me, and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way, through the obscurity that has been long my portion, into notice. Every thing, therefore, that seems to threaten this my favourite purpose with disappointment, affects me nearly. I suppose that all ambitious minds are in the same predicament. He who seeks distinction must be sensible of disapprobation exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause. And now, my precious cousin, I have unfolded my heart to you in this particular, without a speck of dissimulation. Some people, and good people too, would blame me, but you will not, and they, I think, would blame without just cause. We certainly do not honour when we bury, or when we neglect to improve as far as we may, whatever talent he may have bestowed on us, whether it be little or much. In natural things, as well as in spiritual, it is a never-failing truth, that to him who hath, that is, to him who occupies what he hath diligently, more shall be given. Set me down, therefore, for an industrious rhymer, so long as I shall have the ability, for in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honour God, or to serve man, or even to serve myself."

1792. "From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author. It is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last."

1785. "Dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly."

1786. "The dew of your intelligence has refreshed my poetical laurels. A little praise now and then is very good for your hard-working poet, who is apt to grow languid, and perhaps careless, without it."

1787. "A sensible mind cannot do violence even to a local attachment without much pain. When my father died I was young, too young to have reflected much. He was rector of Berkhampstead, and there I was born. It had never occurred to me that a parson has no fee-simple in the house and glebe he occupies. There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country to which I did not feel a relation, and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt, for the first time, that I and my native place were disunited for ever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods, from

which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties as just when I left them all behind me to return no more."

1790. Acknowledging the gift of a picture of his mother. "The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me, as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt, had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it, where it is the last object that I see at night, and of course the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I had completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember, too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. There is in me, I believe, more of the Donne than of the Cowper, and though I love all of both names, and have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to your side. I was thought in the days of my childhood much to resemble my mother, and in my natural temper, of which, at the age of fifty-eight, I must be supposed a competent judge, can trace both her and my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability, and a little, I would hope, of his, and of her——I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention, but, speaking to you, I will even speak out and say, *good-nature*. Add to all this, I deal much in poetry, as did our venerable ancestor, the dean of St. Paul's, and I think I shall have proved myself a Donne at all points."

1792. On his intended journey to visit Mr. Hayley, at Eartham, in Sussex, he writes: "Could you have any conception of the fears I have had to bustle with, of the dejection of spirits that I have suffered concerning this journey, you would wonder much more that I still courageously persevere in my resolution to undertake it. Fortunately for my intentions, it happens, that, as the day approaches, my terrors abate; for had they continued to be what they were a week since, I must, after all, have disappointed you; and was actually once on the verge of doing it. I have told you something of my nocturnal experiences, and assure you now, that they were hardly ever more terrific than on this occasion. Prayer has, however, opened my passage at last, and obtained for me a degree of confidence that I trust will prove a comfortable viaticum to me all the way. On Wednesday, therefore, we set forth. The terrors that I have spoken of would appear ridiculous to most, but to you they will not, for you are a reasonable creature, and know well, that, to whatever cause it be owing (whether to constitution or to God's express appointment), I am hunted by spiritual hounds in the night-season. I cannot help it. You will pity me, and wish it were otherwise; and, though you may think there is much of imaginary in it, will not deem it, for that reason, an evil less to be lamented."

1793. "In vain has it been, that I have made several attempts to write since I came from Sussex: unless more confortable days arrive than I have the confidence to look for, there is an end of all writing with me. I have no spirits. When the rose came, I was obliged to prepare for his coming by a nightly dose of laudanum: twelve drops suffice; but without them I am devoured by melancholy."

1794. To Mr. Hayley, in answer to a proposal for engaging in a joint work. "My poor Mary's infirm condition makes it impossible for me at present to engage in a work such as you propose. My thoughts are not sufficiently free, nor have I, or can I, by any means find oppor-

tunity; added to which comes a difficulty which, though you are not at all aware of it, presents itself to me under a most forbidding appearance: can you guess it? No, not you; neither, perhaps, will you be able to imagine that such a difficulty can possibly subsist. If your hair begins to bristle, stroak it down again, for there is no need why it should erect itself. It concerns me, not you. I know myself too well not to know, that I am nobody in verse, unless in a corner, and alone, and unconnected in my operations. This is not owing to want of love for you, my brother, or the most consummate confidence in you; for I have both in a degree that has not been exceeded in the experience of any friend you have, or ever had. But I am so made up; I will not enter into a metaphysical analysis of my strange composition, in order to detect the true cause of this evil; but on a general view of the matter, I suspect that it proceeds from that shyness, which has been my effectual and almost fatal hindrance on many other important occasions; and which I should feel, I well know, on this to a degree that would perfectly cripple me. No! I shall neither do nor attempt any thing of consequence more, unless my poor Mary get better; nor even then, unless it should please God to give me another nature, in concert with any man. I could not even with my own father or brother, were they now alive."

But I must forbear, or I shall transcribe half the poet's letters. Whether it is that there have seldom existed such adequate memorials of men of genius as have been left of Cowper, or whether, as I believe, few have ever been so thoroughly steeped in the well-head of the muses, it is certain that few are recorded to have possessed qualities so well suited to the inspiration of the lyre. That sensibility which was so excessive, as at times, when it operated on a diseased body, to endanger and overcome his reason, prompted him at other times to inimitable strains of moral pathos, touching sentiment, or brilliant description. In proportion as he was little fitted for the ordinary intercourse, and bustle, and intrigues of society, he attained and cherished a state of mind which qualified him for those compositions by which his name has been endeared to his cotemporaries, and consecrated to posterity. Whoever has experienced the delight of such a mood, whoever has felt the intense pleasure of an intellectual occupation, by which he hopes to preserve his name to future ages, can alone appreciate the extent of sufferings which the exercise of such endowments can counterbalance. It may be asked, whether in the cold tomb he can hear the sounds of admiration which are now lavished upon his poetry; and what recompence there can be in these empty returns for his sorrows and inexpressible afflictions of mind? To this question I am not bold enough to reply: but I can scarcely suppose that the universal desire of being remembered after death, which is felt in every state of society, from the most savage to the most refined, is implanted in us for nothing.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XVII.

PERHAPS politeness cannot be better described, than by giving a few examples of its use and abuse. Ricardo has finished a statue; he has spent a long time in its completion, and fondly hopes it may add to his fortune and his fame. After repeated examinations, he thinks it *good*, and invites two or three of his friends to visit him. He exhibits the work to the first, who tells him it is a very faulty production; that the head is too round, the nose too long, the knees too thick, the feet too small, and the various parts not

properly harmonizing with each other. Ricardo perceives the justice of his remarks, but disappointed with the ill success which has attended his long and laborious exertions, he is mortified and offended at the grossness of his unfeeling visitor. The second enters; he dwells in terms of rapture on the elegance of the attitude, the general dignity of the figure, and the harmony and proportion of every part. The artist turns from the flatterer with disgust, and closes the door at his departure more humbled than before. A third person appears; he examines the work with equal skill and attention as the others, he perceives all the imperfections they noticed, but too humane, too polite, merely to point out *them*, he first enlarges, with justice, on the beauty of the neck, the fine shape of the mouth and chin, the expression of strength in the arms, and the fine form of the body. He then points out the faults, and shows Ricardo how much they obscure its beauties, and concludes by telling him, that with the beauties it possesses, and those which the artist may readily give, he will have no occasion to regret his labour, and leaves him pleased with his manners and conduct, not because he has noticed fewer faults or exaggerated its beauties, but because he has softened the communication of his censures without the sacrifice of his sincerity.

True politeness is generally not inconsistent with sincerity, though it is frequently opposed to the barbarity of bluntness, which is sometimes honoured with the name of manly frankness. A physician who tells his expiring patient he must die, is deservedly less esteemed than he who tells him it is not in his power to restore him. The one shocks by his barbarity, the other only distresses, by honestly confessing, what the patient himself believes true. That swain who tells a woman with a plain face she is not handsome, will displease her more than another who only tells her she is not ugly.

Sometimes it is necessary to soften the asperity of some observation made by another person. The man of sense will here know how to effect his purpose without the sacrifice of truth, by some kind remark, and will always prefer paying a compliment to imposing censure, where either may be done with equal justice.

Impartiality in our decisions, when unnecessary, becomes impertinence. He who tells a *vain* woman how much anger and other violent emotions injure her beauty, at once pays her a compliment, conveys a just reproof, and suggests to her how much she is interested in the regulation of her passions.

Many of those men of plain manners who would not care to tell another, unasked, that his nose was not in the middle of his face, while they rail at politeness, are *still* sensible to the impressions which it is calculated to produce. Thus, in the company of our most intimate friends, an unbounded freedom of *manners* prevails, yet every individual of such a company, nevertheless, gives to and expects from every stranger a certain degree of outward respect and attention, and, though he knows it to be merely form, yet it gives him a certain degree of satisfaction, which if he did not receive he would be displeased.

Politeness has at once been the companion and partly the consequence of civilization, as it originated from humanity. It is now become one of its out-posts, and in some measure a barrier against the violence of barbarity. It is indeed very often an artificial virtue; but is not modesty likewise so in a great degree, and originating from civilization and refinement? and what man of sense does not justly value it as the guard of virtue, and the source of many delicate and refined pleasures?

That politeness which is the subject of the present and last paper, is very different from that mere polish of manners which is the effect of a genteel education, and

which is very frequently assumed for no other reason than because it is fashionable. The one is a natural production, rising from the generous soil of a feeling heart, cultivated with care and attention, and is found alike in the polished citizen and the laborious peasant. In the first we find it glowing with luxuriance, and spreading into superfluous branches, which, while they beautify the plant, are apt to lessen the firmness of the root; in the second we find it choked with surrounding weeds, and unfruitful for want of cultivation; but the root remains firmly fixed in the earth, and is a proof that the plant will flourish in many a soil, if cultivated, where now it only puts forth a few unproductive branches.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

A Parisian Story.

A POOR old man had a dog, which he had reared from a puppy, and with which he had daily shared the parsimonious morsel that was scarcely sufficient for the subsistence of both. By age and scantiness of food, his strength declined so fast, that he could no longer procure enough to keep his dog and himself alive. He would have given the animal away, but he had no form of beauty, or qualities that could attract the attention and friendship of others; and, driven to extremity, his master took him in his arms, tied a stone to one end of a string, and the other end round the neck of the dog, carried him to one of the bridges, wept over him, kissed him, and plunged him into the river: after which, he went and sat down by the side of the wall, covered his face with his hands, and was seized with the agonizing thought that he had that instant wilfully put to death the only remaining friend he had on earth.

He had scarcely remained a minute in this disconsolate state, when a neighbour passing came up; and, seeing him thus, immediately inquired what had happened.

"I am a miserable and guilty wretch," said the old man; "I do not deserve to live: there was but one creature in the world that loved me, and him I have this minute destroyed."

"Who? what creature? And how destroyed?"

"My poor, my patient Fidel, that suffered with me, and never murmured."

"But what of him?"

"I have thrown him over the bridge."

"And why did you so?"

"I had no longer any food to give him, without fasting myself; and for that I had not courage."

"No food? When did you leave home?"

"Early this morning. I have been in the *Champs Elysées:* I sat there all day with Fidel."

"Then you do not know that Antoine is returned?"

"Returned! How should he return? I should not now have been starving, if he had not fallen at Toulon."

"So every body thought; but it was not true: he was taken prisoner, has made his escape, and is now waiting at home, impatient to embrace his father."

"My dear boy, my Antoine, living!"

"I have seen him."

"Oh, what a rash wretch have I been to drown Fidel! I do not deserve the blessing which Heaven has sent me."

The old man scarcely finished this, his last regret, before Fidel came running up, and jumped into his arms. The stone had slipped out of the noose, Fidel swam to shore, and the poor old man's happiness was as great as it was unexpected.

For the Literary Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE ABBEY OF ST. DENNIS, AND THE HERMITAGE OF ROUSSEAU, IN THE VALLEY OF MONTMORENCY.

(*From a late Journey to Paris.*)

"SHOULD you like to see where Rousseau lived?" I was one day asked by madame Recamier.

"Should I? Can this be a question?"

"Then call upon me early to-morrow morning, and I will take you to the spot."

With a Parisian lady, one o'clock in the afternoon is an early hour of rising; but this day the graces had paid an earlier visit to madame Recamier's toilet, and by eleven we were in her carriage. At the barriers we exchanged the town equipage for a country one, the close for an open carriage, the two proud coach-horses for a brisk relay. Though it was the latter end of November, yet the sun diffused many a genial ray; and a fresh bracing air painted the cheeks of my fair companion with a rosy hue, and obliged her to draw her Indian shawl closer than usual round her light dress. We proceeded rapidly, and soon reached a small town: it was St. Dennis.

"Have you ever seen the ruins of the abbey? the tombs of our former kings?"

"I have not."

"Then let us alight for a moment. I have often passed this way myself, but never yet gratified my curiosity."

We took the way to the abbey. What a grand spectacle! These walls, a thousand years old, no longer protected by a roof, seem to say to the heavens, "We need no cover to bid defiance to your storms." These interior partitions of workmanship resembling lace, appear to have been raised but yesterday for a feast of to-day. These columns have for twelve centuries borne some expansive arches with as much ease as Mount Ætna sustains the clouds. Between them, on the outside, stand the mutilated images of saints, beheaded by the Vandals. And, finally, in this dreary waste, among these deserted ruins, where nothing is to be heard but the fluttering of their feathered tenants, casks of flour are piled one upon the other. Strange vicissitude! In the spot where worms once preyed upon kings, food is now stored for men.

Here we found an aged Swiss, who had served forty years in this abbey, and had seen it during the last days of its splendid existence. He wanders about the precincts as the ghost of some noble ancestor is supposed to haunt his ruined castle, which in his days appeared to bid defiance to the ravages of time. His eyes were wistfully surveying the naked walls; and he now and then gave a significant nod, as if taking leave of some old friend, whose image presented itself to his mind. It was to different monuments which had once been placed there, and had left an indelible impression on his soul, that he made this motion. This man was a complete register of every thing formerly contained in these spacious vaults. He stopped us at every step, saying, "Here was the monument of a queen;" at every hole, into which he cautioned us not to fall, he named some king or hero who had been deposited in it. We followed him down a long flight of steps into a dark subterraneous passage, on both sides of which still projected the blocks of stone on which the coffins were formerly placed. They formed such a narrow alley, that the living fair-one took faster hold of my arm, and pressed closer to me, in order to keep out of the resting-place of the departed great.

In this gloom, where only a distant light sheds its dim rays, the old man, with a voice as if it proceeded from another world, exclaimed, "Here lay Louis XIV, and there Turenne; here Louis XIII, and

there Bertrand du Guesclin;" and having proceeded almost the whole length of the narrow passage, in which the ambition of thirty kings found sufficient room, he stood still; folding his hands and hanging down his head, he said, with a faultering voice, "This bench bore the coffin of Henry IV!"

This mournful silence, seconded by ours, both did honour to the place, and left us at liberty for a few minutes to indulge in a melancholy sensation, which each endeavoured to suppress. This silence the old man interrupted; for there was still something that oppressed his heart, which he wished to unbosom to us: it was, that he was present when the coffin of Henry IV was opened; that his corpse was in perfect preservation, with its celebrated resemblance; that, at this sight, the most resolute ruffians by whom it was surrounded, and even Robespierre himself, were seized with a sudden and involuntary awe; that several of them softly approached, and stole some hairs from Henry's beard, which they afterwards wore in rings, as precious relics.

"But what became of all those corpses?"

"Robespierre ordered them to be burned, excepting that of Turenne."

"And were they actually burned?"

Here the old man made a pause: but, discovering that I was a foreigner, and seeing my fair companion so deeply affected, he was inspired with confidence, and acknowledged that he had not burned the bones, but had buried them in the dead of the night, about one hundred yards from the abbey. We requested him to conduct us to the spot, and he complied.

Leaving the long dark vault, we entered a light subterraneous chapel, where several statues of saints, as large as life, still remained. The Swiss pointed out to us the Virgin Mary; which, by some strange coincidence, bears such a striking likeness to the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, that every person who ever saw her, must admit that no portrait could be a more perfect resemblance.

From the ravaged temple of Death, we re-ascended into the desolate hall, where Time now first dares to whet his scythe. The old man flatters himself that he shall yet live to see the abbey restored to its former splendor, and his hope is founded on some words which Bonaparte is reported to have once dropped. But, as the rebuilding it would cost immense sums, it is not probable that it will be undertaken, at least for the present. It is well for the old man that he still entertains some hope: it is the last recruit of oil to the wick of his life; and he who robs him of it to-day, will to-morrow find him no more.

Upon leaving the abbey, he conducted us, conformably to his promise, to a little grass-plot, about one hundred yards off, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it. Here, in a space which I could cover with my extended arms, were deposited, under my feet, the bones of more than forty kings, queens, princes, and heroes. What had agitated, convulsed, tormented, or blessed the world for a series of ages, now occupied a spot just large enough for a child to throw its doll about! Let him who is tortured with arrogance and ambition, flee to this hallowed retreat! For, as the furies quitted Orestes at the entrance of Diana's grove, so his passions will not dare to follow him hither; and even after he has left this solitary grass-plot, those that might otherwise have attacked him will not trouble him any more.

I asked the Swiss if all the bones were mixed together.—"Yes," said he: "I had no time to separate them; but dug a hole as quickly as possible, and threw them all in together. The only one that I should know again is Henry IV; whose remains I threw in first, so that they lie quite at the bottom."

I suppose that this fact may be

known to several in Paris; but as many, perhaps scores of years, may elapse before the time shall return when a virtuous Frenchman durst loudly wish to rescue the bones of the good Henry from a degrading oblivion, I will consign my information to these pages; and should the old Swiss die, together with all those who may know the spot, yet, as long as I live, the place cannot be lost, for never shall I forget it.

The old man attended us to the carriage, and it might be seen in his countenance how happy he felt in having been able to unbosom himself without restraint. We sat mute for some time, revolving in our minds what we had seen and heard. It was a preparation worthy the view of Rousseau's hermitage; which, after strolling about some time in the valley of Montmorency, we discovered modestly peeping out from an eminence overgrown with bushes. As we approached, my imagination represented the philosopher botanizing on the hill under the trees, or looking on with good-nature at a dance of the rustics. The house, which is now inhabited by the amiable Gretry, is very small, extremely plain, and is left in winter to the care of an old woman and her daughter. We found only the latter at home: with a friendly anticipation of our wishes, she introduced us into Rousseau's apartments, the papering of which is still the same as when he occupied them. I sat down at the same table on which he wrote what Nature dictated to him: I opened the table-drawer, and found in it the identical ink-stand which he used; on the mantle-piece was likewise placed his candlestick. I shall say nothing of my feelings. If the past rush with vivid recollection on the mind, it at the same time deprives a person of the power of utterance. For the present, Heaven has given us sounds; for the past, only sighs. A dove was fluttering about the room; it was so tame, so gentle, we opened the window for it, but to no purpose. We might almost have been induced here to believe in the transmigration of souls.

We then went down into the little garden, in which Rousseau often laboured. In a niche in the wall was placed his bust, behind a glass door; and underneath it was inscribed a pretty verse, which I have now forgotten. To those strangers who may visit this place after me, and, finding my name written under Rousseau's bust, may be inclined to tax me with ridiculous vanity, I must declare that this sin must not be placed to my account, but was committed by the beauteous hand of my wanton companion.

Being rather chilly, we entered the kitchen; and, seating ourselves before the fire, we listened to the artless yet moving complaints of the young female from whom her brother had been snatched but a few days before, and sent to some remote station to join the army. Her aged mother had only two sons; the eldest of whom was long ago sent off, I believe, to the Spanish frontiers, and had never been heard of since. As the youngest cultivated her field and supported her, she cherished the fond hope that she should not be deprived of him likewise, but in vain: he was forced to depart. From the frontiers of the adjacent province he wrote to wish them a melancholy farewel: "and now," added his sister, wiping her eyes, "we shall hear no more from him neither."

The question has frequently occurred to my mind, "If Rousseau had lived in the time of the revolution, and were now alive, what would he say?" The hermitage in the valley of Montmorency would not be able to preserve him from melancholy impressions.

We soon withdrew, as people generally do, from the sight of affliction which we could not relieve. It grew late, and we rolled back to Paris. A melancholy serenity marked the rest of this agreeable day.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.

By Godwin.

CHARLES JAMES FOX was for 32 years a principal leader in the debates and discussions of the English house of commons. The eminent transactions of his life lay within those walls; and so many of his countrymen as were accustomed to hear his speeches there, or have habitually read the abstracts which have been published of them, are in possession of the principal materials by which this extraordinary man is to be judged.

Fox is the most illustrious model of a parliamentary leader on the side of liberty that this country has produced. This character is the appropriate glory of England, and Fox is the proper example of this character.

England has been called, with great felicity of conception, "The land of liberty and good sense." We have preserved many of the advantages of a free people, which the nations of the continent have long since lost. Some of them have made wild and intemperate sallies, for the recovery of all things which are most valuable to maintain society, but their efforts have not been attended with the happiest success. There is a sobriety in the English people, particularly in accord with the possession of freedom. We are somewhat slow and somewhat silent, but beneath this outside we have much reflection, much of firmness, a consciouness of power and worth, a spirit of frank dealing and plain speaking, and a moderate and decent sturdiness of temper, not easily to be deluded or subdued.

For 32 years Fox hardly ever opened his mouth in parliament, but to assert in some form or other the cause of liberty and mankind, and to repel tyranny in its various shapes, and to protest against the encroachments of power. In the American war, in the question of reform at home, which grew out of the American war, and in the successive scenes which were produced by the French revolution, Fox was still found the perpetual advocate of freedom. He endeavoured to secure the privileges and the happiness of the people of Asia and the people of Africa. In church and state his principles were equally favourable to the cause of liberty. Englishmen can no where find the sentiments of freedom unfolded and amplified in more animated language, or in a more consistent tenor, than in the recorded parliamentary debates of Fox. Many have called in question his prudence, and the practicability of his politics in some of their branches; none have succeeded in fixing a stain upon the truly English temper of his heart.

The reason why Fox so much excelled in this reign Wm. Pulteney, and other eminent leaders of opposition, in the reign of George II, was, that his heart beat in accord to the sentiments of liberty. The character of the English nation has improved since the year 1760. The two first kings of the house of Hanover did not aspire to the praise of encouragers of English literature, and had no passion for the fine arts; and their minister, sir Robert Walpole, loved nothing, nor pretended to understand any thing but finance, commerce, and peace. His opponents caught their tone from his, and their debates rather resembled those of the directors of a great trading company, than of men who were concerned with the passions, the morals, the ardent sentiments, and the religion of a generous and enlightened nation. The English seemed fast degenerating into such a people as the Dutch; but Burke and Fox, and other eminent characters not necessary to be mentioned here, redeemed us from the eminent depravity, and lent their efforts to make us the worthy inhabitants of a soil, which had produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon, and a Milton.

Fox, in addition to the generous feelings of his heart, possessed in a supreme degree the powers of an acute logician. He seized, with astonishing rapidity, the defects of his antagonist's argument, and held them up in the most striking point of ridicule. He never had misrepresented what his opponent had said, nor attacked his accidental oversights, but fairly met and routed him when he thought himself strongest. Though he had at no time studied law as a profession, he never entered the lists in reasoning with a lawyer, that he did not show himself superior to the gowned pleader at his own weapons. It was this singular junction of the best feelings of the human heart, with the acutest powers of human understanding, that made Mr. Fox the wonderful creature he was.

Let us compare William Pitt in office and Charles James Fox out of it, and endeavour to decide upon their respective claims to the gratitude of posterity. Pitt was surrounded with all that can dazzle the eye of a vulgar spectator: he possessed the plenitude of power; during a part of his reign, he was as nearly despotic as the minister of a mixed government can be; he dispensed the gifts of the crown; he commanded the purse of the nation; he wielded the political strength of England. Fox, during almost all his life, had no part of these advantages.

It has been said that Pitt preserved his country from the anarchy and confusion which a neighbouring nation threatened to infect us. This is a very doubtful position. It is by no means clear that the English people could ever have engaged in so wild, indiscriminate, serious, and sanguinary a train of conduct as was exhibited by the people of France. It is by no means clear that the end which Pitt is said to have gained, could not have been accomplished without such bloody wars, such formidable innovations on the liberty of Englishmen; such duplicity, unhallowed dexterity and treachery, and so audacious a desertion of all the principles with which the minister commenced his political life, as Pitt employed. Meanwhile it was the simple, ingenuous, and manly office of Fox to protest against the madness and the despotical proceedings of his rival in administration; and if he could not successfully counteract the measures of Pitt, the honour at least is due to him, to have brought out the English character not fundamentally impaired, in the issue of the most arduous trial it was ever called to sustain.

The eloquence of these two renowned statesmen well corresponds with the different parts they assumed in public life. The eloquence of Pitt was cold and artificial. The complicated yet harmonious structure of his periods bespoke the man of contrivance and study. No man knew so well as Pitt how to answer the questions of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth: there was no starts and sallies, and emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement swellings and apostrophes of his speech, as in the coldest calculations.

Mr. Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the forming hand of Nature. He spoke well, because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was clear and impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Every thing showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance lighten up with more than mortal ardour and goodness; I have been present when his

voice has become suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears.

The love of freedom which marks the public proceedings of Fox, is exactly analogous to the natural temper of his mind; he seemed born for the cause which his talents were employed to support. He was the most unassuming of mankind. He was so far from dictating to others, that it was often imputed to him, though perhaps erroneously, that he suffered others to dictate to him. No man ever existed more simple in his manners, more single-hearted, or less artificial in his carriage. The set phrases of what is called polished life, made no part of his ordinary speech; he courted no man; he practised adulation to none. Nothing was in more diametrical opposition to the affected, than the whole of his behaviour. His feelings in themselves, and in the expression of them, were, in the most honourable sense of the word, childlike. Various anecdotes might be related of his innocent and defenceless manners in private and familiar life, which would form the most striking contrast with the vulgar notion of the studied and designing demeanour of a statesman. This was the man that was formed to defend the liberties of Englishmen; his public and private life are beautiful parts of a consistent whole, and reflect mutual lustre on each other.

To conclude, Fox was the great ornament of the kingdom of England during the latter part of the eighteenth century. What he did is the due result of the illumination of the present age, and of the character of our ancestors for ages past. Pitt (if I may be excused for mentioning him once more) was merely a statesman; he was formed to seize occasions, to possess himself of power, and to act with consummate craft upon every occurrence that arose. He belonged to ancient Carthage; he belonged to modern Italy; but there is nothing in him that expressly belongs to England. Fox, on the contrary—mark how he outshines his rival; how little acquisition of power adds to the intrinsic character of the man!—is all over English. He is the mirror of the national character of the age in which he lived; its best, its purest, its most honourable representative. No creature that has the genuine feelings of an Englishman can recollect, without emotions of exultation, the temper, the endowments, and the public conduct of Fox.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LADY VIPER*.

From Kerr's Translation of La Cépède's Natural History of Serpents.

THIS is one of the gentlest and most beautiful of serpents. Its proportions are more elegant and delicate than in most others; its motions are nimble, though moderate, and augment the pleasure which is produced by the beautiful mixture of its fine colours. These, however, are only two, a fine black, and pure white; but they are so agreeably intermixed and contrasted, and so bright, from the high polish of the scales, that they please the eye more by their simple elegance, than those more rich and brilliant colours of other species, which are often too splendid and dazzling.

The general colour of the whole body is white, with rings of black on the whole upper surface, which reach to the ends of the white belly-plates, but grow narrower as their ends recede from the back; and most of them unite with a longitudinal blackish line which runs along the middle of the belly. This line and the transverse rings are irregular, and somewhat festooned, which adds much to the elegance and variety of the ornament. The top of its small head is beautifully

* *Couleuvre des dames*; the *coluber domicella* of Linnæus.

variegated with black and white, the black predominating. The eyes are very small, and surrounded with black, which augments their lustre. According to Linnæus, this species has a hundred and eighteen large plates, and sixty pairs of small plates.

This species is very familiar. It never attempts to escape from mankind, nor does it even show any fear when approached. It seems remarkably sensible to the degree of cold which sometimes prevails in the hot climates which it inhabits, on which account it seeks for warm situations; and, as the smallness of its size, its weakness, the beauty of its colours, the gentleness of its movements, and innocence of its disposition, inspire a fondness for it in the Indians, even the females, far from having the least fear of it, take it in their hands, caress, and cherish it. The ladies in Malabar, where it is very common, and many other parts of India, are careful to warm this delicate little serpent when it appears languid during the cold weather of the rainy season. They place it in their bosoms without any dread, nay, even with apparent pleasure, and it seems perfectly sensible of their kindness. On the other hand, during the hot season, these ladies are equally fond of this viper, which they fondle for the purpose, in their turn, of being refreshed by the contact of its skin, which is so smooth as always to feel cool.

When, in our temperate regions, the ladies incline to communicate warmth to their delicate limbs, they have recourse to animals of greater sensibility, which are even more faithful, and more fitted for expressing their attachment. But when the European ladies desire to moderate unpleasant heat, instead of having recourse to the caresses of cold-blooded animals, like the Indians, they employ insensible substances, such as pieces of polished marble, glass, or metal. Our ladies cannot see without terror the gentle and inoffensive serpents of our regions; while in India, where there are multitudes of serpents that are terrible, either by their size and strength, or by their deadly venom, the dread which these so properly produce is never transferred to weak and innocent serpents, such as the lady viper.

For the Literary Magazine.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

THE question of the immoral and anti-christian tendency of classical literature has lately excited some attention both in this country and in England, and has been the subject of a good deal of discussion among literary men. In New England, purified editions of some of the classics have been printed for the use of students in colleges, in which the most obnoxious sentiments and passages have been expunged. These purified editions, however, are still liable to many of the objections raised against ancient literature. It is not so much particular passages as the *general tendency* of these writings, that is considered as liable to warp the minds of youthful readers. Mr. John Foster has lately published two volumes of Essays, which display much originality of sentiment and style, and have been very favourably received in England. The second volume consists of an essay *on some of the causes by which evangelical religion has been rendered less acceptable to persons of cultivated taste.* Mr. Foster contends that the study of the ancient classics in schools and colleges is one of the principal causes of this deplorable evil.

I fear it is incontrovertible, says he, that far the greatest part of what is termed polite literature, by familiarity with which taste is refined, and the moral sentiments are in a great measure formed, is hostile to the religion of Christ; partly, by introducing insensibly a certain order of opinions unconsonant, or at

least not identical, with the principles of that religion; and still more, by training the feelings to a habit alien from its spirit. And in this assertion, I do not refer to writers obviously irreligious, who have laboured and intended to seduce the passions into vice, or the judgment into the rejection of divine truth; but to the general assemblage of those elegant and ingenious authors who are read and admired by the christian world, held essential to a liberal education and to the progressive accomplishment of the mind in subsequent life, and studied often without an apprehension, or even a thought, of their injuring the views and temper of spirits advancing, with the New Testament for their chief instructor and guide, into another world.

It is *modern* literature that I have more particularly in view; at the same time, it is obvious that the writings of heathen antiquity have continued to operate till now with their own proper influence, that is, a correctly heathenish influence, in the very sight and presence of christianity, on the minds of many who have admitted the truth of that religion. This is just as if an eloquent pagan priest had been allowed constantly to accompany our Lord in his ministry, and had divided with him the attention and interest of his disciples, counteracting, of course, as far as his efforts were successful, the doctrine and spirit of the Teacher from heaven.

The few observations which the subject may require to be made on ancient literature, will be directed chiefly to one part of it. For it will be allowed, that the purely speculative part of that literature has in a great measure ceased to interfere with the intellectual discipline of modern times. It obtains too little attention, and too little deference, to contribute much towards fixing the mind in those habits of thought and feeling, which prevent the cordial admission of the doctrines and spirit of the gospel. Several learned and fanatical devotees to antiquity and paganism have indeed made some effort to recal the long departed veneration for the dreams and subtilties of ancient philosophy. But they might, with perhaps a better prospect of success, recommend the building of temples or a pantheon, and the revival of all the institutions of idolatrous worship. The greater number of intelligent and even learned men, would feel but little regret in consigning (if it could be consigned) the much larger proportion of that philosophy to oblivion; except they may be supposed to love it as heathenism more than they admire it as wisdom; or except their pride would wish to retain it as a contrast to their own more rational theories.

The ancient speculations on religion include indeed some very noble ideas relating to a Supreme Being; but these ideas do not produce, in an intelligent man, any degree of partiality for that immense system, or rather chaos, of fantastic folly by which they are environed. He separates them from that chaos as something not strictly belonging to heathenism, nor forming a part of it. He considers most of them as the traditionary remains of divine communications to man in the earliest ages. A few of them were perhaps the greatest efforts of human intellect, at some happy moments excelling itself. But whether they are referred to the one origin or the other, they stand so conspicuously above the general assemblage of the pagan speculations on the subject of deity, that they throw a solemn contempt on those speculations. They throw contempt on the greatest part of the theological doctrine of even the very philosophers that expressed them. They rather seem to direct our contemplation and affection toward a religion divinely revealed, than to obtain any degree of favour for those notions of a God which sprung and indefinitely multiplied from a melancholy combination of ignorance and depraved imagination. As to the apparent analogy between some of the notions of pagan religion, and one or two of the most specific ar-

ticles of christianity, those notions are presented in such fantastic, and varying, and often monstrous shapes, that the analogy is not close and constant enough to pervert our conception, or to preclude our admission, of the defined propositions of the evangelic faith.

The next part of the pure speculations of the ancients is their metaphysics. And whatever may be the effect of metaphysical study in general, or of the particular systems of modern philosophers, with regard to the cordial and simple admission of christian doctrines, the ancient metaphysics may certainly be pronounced harmless, from holding so little connection with modern opinions. Later philosophers, by means of a far better method of inquiry, have opened quite a new order of metaphysical views; and persons with but a very small share of the acuteness and ingenuity of those ancient framers of ideal systems, can now wonder at their absurdity. The only attraction of abstract speculations is in their truth, and therefore when the persuasion of their truth is gone, all their influence is extinct. That which could please the imagination, or interest the affections, might in a considerable degree continue to please and interest them, though convicted of fallacy. But that which is too subtile to please the imagination, loses all its power when it is rejected by the judgment. And this is the predicament to which time has reduced the metaphysics of the old philosophers. The captivation of their systems seems almost as far withdrawn from us as the songs of their syrens, or the enchantments of Medea.

The didactic morality of the heathen philosophers comes much nearer to our interests, and has probably continued to have a considerable influence on the sentiments of cultivated men. After being detained a great while among the phantasms and the monsters of mythology, or following through the mazes of ancient metaphysics that truth which occasionally appears for a moment, but still for ever retires before the pursuer, the student of antiquity is delighted to meet with a sage who gives him, in the most perspicuous and eloquent form, the direct instructions concerning duty and happiness. And since it is necessarily the substantial object of these instructions to enforce goodness, he feels but little cause to guard against any perversion of his principles. He entirely forgets that goodness has been defined and enforced by another authority, and that though its main substance must be the same in the dictates of that authority, and in the writings of Epictetus, or Cicero, or Antoninus, yet there is a material difference in some parts of the detail, and a most important one in the principles that constitute the basis. While he is admiring the beauty of virtue as displayed by one accomplished moralist, and its lofty independent spirit as exhibited by another, he is not inclined to suspect that any thing in their sentiments, or his animated participation of them, can be wrong.

But the part of ancient literature which has had incomparably the greatest influence on the character of cultivated minds, is that which has turned, if I may so express it, moral sentiments into real beings and interesting companions, by displaying the life and actions of eminent individuals. A few of the personages of fiction are also to be included. The captivating spirit of Greece and Rome resides in the works of the biographers, in so much of the history as might properly be called biography, from its fixing the whole attention and interest on a few signal names, and in the works of the principal poets.

No one, I suppose, will deny, that both the characters and the sentiments, which are the favourites of the poet and the historian, become the favourites also of the admiring reader; for this would be to deny the excellence of the poetry and eloquence. It is the high test and

proof of genius that a writer can render his subject interesting to his readers, not merely in a general way, but in the *very same manner* in which it interests himself. If the great works of antiquity had not this power, they would long since have ceased to charm. We could not long tolerate what revolted, while it was designed to please, our moral feelings. But if their characters and sentiments really do thus fascinate the heart, how far will this influence be coincident with the spirit and with the design of christianity* ?

Among the poets, I shall notice only the two or three pre-eminent ones of the epic class. Homer, you know, is the favourite of the whole civilized world ; and it is many centuries since their needed one additional word of homage to the amazing genius displayed in the Iliad. The object of inquiry is, what kind of predisposition will be formed towards christianity, in a young and animated spirit, that learns to glow with enthusiasm at the scenes created by Homer, and to indulge an ardent wish, which that enthusiasm will probably awaken, for the possibility of emulating some of the principal characters. Let this susceptible youth, after having mingled and burned an imagination among heroes, whose valour and anger flame like Vesuvius, who wade in blood, trample on dying foes, and hurl defiance against earth and heaven ; let him be led into the company of Jesus Christ and his disciples, as displayed by the evangelists, with whose narrative, I will suppose, he is but slightly acquainted before : what must he, what can he, do with his feelings in this transition ? He will find himself flung as far as " from the centre to the utmost pole ;" and one of these two opposite exhibitions of character will inevitably excite his aversion. Which of them is that likely to be, if he is become thoroughly possessed with the Homeric passions ?

Or if, on the other hand, you will suppose a person to have become profoundly interested by the New Testament, and to have acquired the spirit of the Saviour of the world, while studying the evangelical history ; with what sentiments will *he* come forth from conversing with heavenly mildness, weeping benevolence, sacred purity, and the eloquence of divine wisdom, to enter into a scene of such actions and characters, and to hear such maxims of merit and glory, as those of Homer ? He would be still more confounded by the transition, had it been possible for him to have entirely escaped that deep depravation of feeling which can think of crimes and miseries with little emotion, and which we have all acquired from viewing the whole history of the world composed of scarcely any thing else. He would find the mightiest strain of poetry employed to represent ferocious courage as the greatest of virtues, and those who do not possess it as worthy of their fate, to be trodden in the dust. He will be taught, at least it will not be the fault of the poet if he is not taught, to forgive heroic spirit for finding the sweetest luxury in insulting dying pangs, and imagining the tears and despair of distant parents or wives. He will be incessantly called upon to worship Revenge, the real divinity of the Iliad, in comparison of which the thunderer of Olympus is but a despicable pretender to power. He will be taught that the most glorious and enviable life is that to which the greatest number of other lives are made a sacrifice ; and that it is noble in a hero to prefer even a short life, attended by this felicity, to a long one which should permit a longer life also to others. The dire Achilles, a being whom, if he really

* It may be noticed here, that a great part of what could be said on heathen literature, as opposed to the religion of Christ, must necessarily refer to the peculiar *moral spirit* of that religion. It would border on the ridiculous to represent the martial enthusiasm of ancient historians and poets as counteracting the peculiar *doctrines* of the gospel.

existed, it had deserved a conspiracy of the tribes then called nations to chain or to suffocate, is rendered interesting even amidst the horrors of revenge and destruction, by the intensity of his affection for his friend, by the melancholy sublimity with which he appears in the funeral scene of that friend, by one momentary instance of compassion, and by his solemn references to his own approaching death. A reader who has even passed beyond the juvenile ardour of life, feels himself interested, in a manner that excites at intervals his own surprize, in the fate of this stern destroyer; and he wonders, and he wishes to doubt, whether the moral that he is learning be, after all, exactly no other than that the grandest employment of a great spirit is the destruction of human creatures, so long as revenge, ambition, or even caprice, may choose to regard them under an artificial distinction, and call them *enemies*. But this, my dear friend, is the real and effective moral of the Iliad, after all that critics have so gravely written about lessons of union, or any other subordinate moral instructions, which they discover or imagine in the work. Who but critics ever thought or cared about these instructions? Whatever is the chief and grand impression made by the whole work on the ardent minds which are most susceptible of the influence of poetry, *that* is the real moral; and Alexander, and, by reflection from him, Charles XII, correctly received the genuine inspiration.

If it be said that such works stand on the same ground, except as to the reality or accuracy of the facts, with an eloquent history, which simply *exhibits* the actions and characters, I deny the assertion. The actions and characters are presented in a *manner* which prevents their just impression, and empowers them to make an opposite one. A transforming magic of genius displays a number of atrocious savages in a hideous slaughter-house of men, as demigods in a temple of glory. No doubt an eloquent history might be so written as to give the same aspect to such men and such operations; but that history would deserve to be committed to the flames. A history that should present a perfect display of human miseries and slaughter, would incite no one, that had not attained the last possibility of depravation, to imitate the principal actors. It would give the same feeling as the sight of a field of dead and dying men after a battle is over; a sight at which the soul would shudder, and earnestly wish that this might be the last time the sun should behold such a spectacle: but the tendency of the Homeric poetry, and of a great part of epic poetry in general, is to insinuate the glory of repeating such a tragedy. I therefore ask again, how it would be possible for a man whose mind was first completely assimilated to the spirit of Jesus Christ, to read such a work without a most vivid antipathy to what he perceived to be the moral spirit of the poet? And if it were not too strange a supposition, that the most characteristic parts of the Iliad had been read in the presence and hearing of our Lord, and by a person animated by a fervid sympathy with the work, do you not instantly imagine Him expressing the most emphatical condemnation? Would not the reader have been made to know, that in the spirit of that book he could never become a disciple and a friend of the Messiah? But then, if he believed this declaration, and were serious enough to care about being the disciple and friend of the Messiah, would he not have deemed himself extremely unfortunate to have been seduced, through the pleasures of taste and imagination, into habits of feeling which rendered it impossible, till they could be destroyed, for him to receive the only true religion, and the only Redeemer of the world? To show *how* impossible it would be, I wish I may be pardoned for making another strange and indeed a most monstrous supposition, namely, that

Achilles, Diomede, Ulysses, and Ajax had been real persons, living in the time of our Lord, and had become his disciples, and yet (excepting the mere exchange of the notions of mythology for christian opinions) had retained entire the state of mind with which their poet has exhibited them. It is instantly perceived that Satan, Beelzebub, and Moloch might as consistently have been retained in heaven. But here the question comes to a point: if these great examples of glorious character, pretending to coalesce with the transcendant Sovereign of virtues, would have been probably the most enormous incongruity existing, or that ever had existed, in the whole universe, what harmony can there be between a man who has acquired a considerable degree of congeniality with the spirit of these heroes, and that paramount Teacher and Pattern of excellence? And who will assure me that the enthusiast for heroic poetry does *not* acquire a degree of this congeniality? But unless I can be so assured, I persist in asserting the noxiousness of such poetry.

Yet the work of Homer is, notwithstanding, the book which christian poets have translated, which christian divines have edited and commented on with pride, at which which christian ladies have been delighted to see their sons kindle into rapture, and which forms an essential part of the course of a liberal education, over all those countries on which the gospel shines. And who can tell how much that passion for war which, from the universality of its prevalence, might seem inseparable from the nature of man, may, in the civilized world, have been reinforced by the enthusiastic admiration with which young men have read Homer, and similar poets, whose genius transforms what is, and ought always to appear, purely horrid, into an aspect of grandeur?

Should it be asked, And what ought to be the practical consequence of such observations? I may surely answer that I cannot justly be required to assign that consequence. I cannot be required to do more than exhibit in a simple light an important point of truth. *If* such works do really impart their own genuine spirit to the mind of an admiring reader, in proportion to the degree in which he admires, and *if* this spirit is totally hostile to that of christianity, and *if* christianity ought really and in good faith to be the supreme regent of all moral feelings, then it is evident that the Iliad, and all books which combine the same tendency with great poetical excellence, are among the most mischievous things on earth. There is but little satisfaction certainly in illustrating the operation of evils without proposing any adequate method of contending with them. But in the present case, I really do not see what a serious observer of the character of mankind can offer. To wish that the works of Homer, and some other great authors of antiquity, should cease to be read, is just as vain as to wish they had never been written. As to the far greater number of the readers, it were equally in vain to wish that pure christian sentiments might be sufficiently recollected, and loved, to accompany the study, and constantly prevent the injurious impression, of the works of pagan genius. The few maxims of christianity to which the student may have assented without thought, and for which he has but little veneration, will but feebly oppose the influence; the spirit of Homer will vanquish as irresistibly as his Achilles vanquished. It is also most perfectly true, that so long as pride, ambition, and vindictiveness, hold so mighty a prevalence in the character and in the nature of our species, they would still amply display themselves, though the stimulus of heroic poetry were withdrawn by the annihilation of all those works which have invested the worst passions, and the worst actions, with a glare of grandeur. With or without classical ideas, men and nations will continue to

commit offences against one another, and to avenge them; to assume an arrogant precedence, and account it noble spirit; to celebrate their deeds of destruction, and call them glory; to idolize the men who possess, and can infuse, the greatest share of an infernal fire; to set at nought all principles of virtue and religion in favour of a thoughtless vicious mortal, who consigns himself in the same achievement to fame and perdition; to vaunt in triumphal entries, or funeral pomps, or strings of scalps, how far human skill and valour can excel the powers of famine and pestilence; men and nations will continue thus to act, till some new dispensation of Heaven shall establish the reign of christianity. In that better season, perhaps the great works of ancient genius will be read with such a state of mind as can receive the intellectual improvement derivable from them, and at the same time as little coincide or be infected with their moral spirit, as in the present age we venerate their mythological vanities.

In the mean time, one cannot believe that any man who seriously reflects how absolutely the religion of Christ claims a conformity of his whole nature, will without regret feel himself animated, even for a moment, with a class of sentiments of which the habitual prevalence would be the total preclusion of christianity. And it seems to show how little this religion is really understood, or even considered, in any of the countries denominated christian, that so many who profess to adopt it never once thought of guarding their own minds, and those of their children, against the eloquent seductions of a spirit which is mortally opposite. Probably they would be more intelligent and vigilant, if any other interest than that of their professed religion were endangered. But a thing which injures them only in *that* concern, is sure to meet with all possible indulgence.

With respect to religious parents and preceptors, whose children and pupils are to receive that liberal education which must inevitably include the study of these great works, it will be for them to accompany the youthful readers throughout, with a great and anxious effort to show them in the most pointed manner the inconsistency of many of the sentiments both with moral rectitude in general, and with the special dictates of christianity. And in order to give the requisite force to these dictates, it will be an important duty to illustrate to them the amiable tendency, and to prove the awful authority, of this dispensation of religion. This careful effort will often but very partially prevent the mischief; but it seems to be all that can be done.

Virgil's work is a kind of lunar reflection of the ardent effulgence of Homer; surrounded, if I may extend the figure, with as beautiful a halo of elegance and tenderness as perhaps the world ever saw. So much more refined an order of sentiment might have rendered the heroic character far more attractive to a mind that can melt as well as burn, if there had actually been a hero in the poem. But none of the personages intended for heroes excite the reader's enthusiasm enough to assimilate the tone of his feelings. No fiction or history of human characters and actions will ever powerfully transfuse its spirit, without some one or some very few individuals of signal peculiarity or greatness, to concentrate and embody the whole energy of the work. There would be no danger therefore of any one's becoming an idolater of the god of war through the inspiration of the Æneid, even if a larger proportion of it had been devoted to martial enterprise. Perhaps the chief counteraction to christian sentiments which I should apprehend to an opening susceptible mind, would be a depravation of its ideas concerning the other world, from the picturesque scenery which Virgil has opened to his hero in the regions of the dead, and the solemn and interesting images with which

he has shaded the avenue to them. Perhaps also the affecting sentiments which precede the death of Dido, might tend to lessen, especially in a pensive mind, the horror of that impiety which would throw back with violence the possession of life into the hands of him who gave it.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Great Britain.

THE important and interesting science of physical geography seems to be every where making rapid advances to the utmost perfection of which it is capable. In England, the most extensive work ever published upon this subject may shortly be expected from the press. It consists of a plate, engraved by Merigot, of Paris, from a drawing by Mr. Riddell, in which all the principal mountains on our globe are represented in their proportions of actual height above the level of the sea, with every possible attention to accuracy of form, with the varying boundary of perpetual congelation which determines the height to which vegetation reaches, in every degree of latitude. In the intervals between the mountains are introduced the heights of all the different cities, inhabited places, and sources of rivers, which indicate the general level of each continent, and enable the observers to ascertain the elevation of the principal mountains above their own bases, as above the level of the sea. The plate contains, upon the whole, upwards of 750 objects, so grouped as to form a very interesting picture. It is explained by a scale graduated in feet, which slides along the surface of the plate, and contains the name of every mountain opposite to its respective height. This is more than twice the size of any plate ever engraved on one piece of copper, or printed on one sheet of paper, being four feet eight inches by three feet, exclusive of margins, and has consequently required both the presses and paper to be made on purpose, at a very great expence. It will be accompanied by a Geographical and Physical Account of Mountains, their Mincial Composition, &c., &c., in three quarto volumes, by Mr. Wilson, which will concentrate in one work all the best ascertained geological facts, as well with regard to those mountains which have been measured, as those whose height has not been ascertained. Messrs. Humboldt, Buck, and Tralles have recently taken up the same idea at Berlin, and are employed upon a plate which will represent about 150 mountains; but their work is connected with a theory on the general elevation of strata.

Miss Owenson, whose Novice of St. Dominick*, and Wild Irish Girl, have proved the title of her genius to the attention of the public, is about to exhibit new claims to respect in a volume of original poetry, which will speedily be published, under the title of the Lay of an Irish Harp.

Mr. Thomas Burnet is about to publish the Sweets of Solitude, and other poems, by subscription.

The late John Russell, Esq., R.A., celebrated amongst men of science for the production of the lunar globe, left at his death two lunar planispheric drawings, the result of numberless telescopic observations, scrupulously measured by a micrometer: one of which drawings exhibits the lunar disk in a state of direct opposition to the sun, when the eminences and depressions are *undetermined*, and every intricate part, arising from colour, form, or inexplicable causes, is developed; the other, of precisely the same proportion, re-

* It is an anecdote which deserves notice, that the late Mr. Pitt employed the last hours of his life in the perusal of this elegant novel.

presents the eminences and depressions of the moon, *determined* as to their form with the utmost accuracy, producing their shadows when the sun is only a few degrees above the horizon of each part. The former of these was correctly engraved by Mr. Russell, who had likewise very considerably advanced in the engraving of the latter, when death terminated his labours: it is, however, left in such a forward state, that it will be finished with the greatest exactness.

The Rev. James Cordiner, A. M., chaplain to the honourable Frederick North during his late government of Ceylon, is about to publish a description of that island, containing an account of the country, inhabitants, and natural productions, with a tour round the island, a journey to Ramisseram, and a detailed narrative of the late warfare with the king of Candy; embellished with twenty-four engravings, from original drawings: in two volumes, 4to. This work contains much new information, and gives a view of every subject which is interesting in the island of Ceylon: the manner of ensnaring and taming the wild elephants, the mode of diving for the pearl oysters, the stripping of the cinnamon bark, and the process of collecting natural salt, are all minutely described from actual observation, and authentic documents. The plates exhibit the costume of country, the most striking scenes along the coasts of the island, as well as some expressive features of the inland districts, executed by eminent artists, from drawings made on the spot. Descriptions of the forts and towns, the rural scenery, the dresses and manners of the natives, and the state of the English society, enter into the plan. To which is added, a list of the present civil and military establishment in Celyon.

Dr. Percy, nephew to the bishop of Dromore, is preparing, with his approbation, a fourth volume of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

Mr. Joseph Nightingale is preparing for publication an Impartial View of the Origin, Progress, Doctrines, Discipline, and Singular Customs of the Wesleyan Methodists, in a series of letters, addressed to a lady. This work is intended to include several interesting particulars relative to the divisions which have taken place among the methodists, since the death of Mr. Wesley, and will be interspersed with a variety of curious anecdotes.

Mr. François Hue, one of the attendants of the late king of France, and who, after the 10th of August, was selected by his majesty to remain with the royal family, has a new work in the press, entitled The last Years of the Reign and Life of Louis the Sixteenth.

Mr. Pratt has in preparation a work of the novel kind, called Great and Little Folks.

Mr. Bennet, of Pythouse, in Wiltshire, is preparing to lay before the public a number of original letters of Charles I and his friends, which have been preserved in his family.

The Rev. J. Joyce, author of Scientific Dialogues, will shortly publish two volumes on the first principles of chemistry, on the same plan.

A volume of sermons, from the pen of the late Dr. Horsley, prepared by the author for the press, will shortly appear.

The method most in use for discovering the very injurious mixture of litharge with wine, is by pouring into it some pure sulphuric acid, which causes a white precipitate to fall to the bottom of the vessel. This is not so accurate a test of lead as water charged with sulphurated hydrogen, which is thus prepared: put into a phial a paste of sulphur and iron filings, pour on it a little sulphuric acid, and pass the gas produced into a flask of water, by a bent tube. This water, poured on wine mixed with litharge, renders it black and flakey, and produces an abundant precipitate, which soon falls to the bottom of the vessel.

Sir Joseph Banks has laid before the Board of Agriculture a very valuable paper on the culture of spring wheat, which is much practised in Lincolnshire. Besides other details, we are informed that Mr. William Showler dibbled four pecks and a half of spring wheat on one acre and two roods of middling land, which had borne turnips the winter before, and had no extraordinary preparation for this crop; the rows were eight inches asunder, and two inches deep: two grains were put into each hole. The produce was seven quarters, which was as much, at least, as could have been expected from eighteen, or even twenty-one bushels, sown broadcast on the same land.

Dr. Wollaston has invented a new portable blow-pipe for chemical experiments. It consists of three parts, so adapted to each other that they may be packed together, one within another. The interior tube is longer than the exterior, and the upper edge of the large end is turned outward, to diminish the effort of the lips requisite for retaining it in the mouth. The small extremity is placed obliquely, that the flame may be carried to a convenient distance from the eye.

Mr. F. S. Stuart, of Billericay, in Essex, announces that he was brought to the verge of the grave by a consumption of the lungs, and restored to perfect health, by eating three or four pints per day of ripe currants, white and red; and he mentions other persons who have been recovered from the same disease by the same means.

J. Pierson, Esq. read the Croonian lecture on muscular motion to the Royal Society last winter. It occupied the greater part of two evenings, in the course of which the lecturer entered into an elaborate detail concerning the heat and pulsations of animals in different latitudes, in order to ascertain their effect on their muscles. As an instance: in Britain, the pulse of horses beat 36 times in a minute, that of cows 48, and that of men about 72; in Lapland, and other high northern latitudes, the human pulse does not beat more than from 45 to 50 times in a minute. Mr. P. has made numerous experiments on the muscles, in all which he found the muscular irritability completely destroyed by plunging them in water at the temperature of 96°; electricity, after such immersions, sometimes gave slight symptoms of excitability, but no human effort could ever again restore the muscular fibre to its proper tone and vigour. Cold produced similar effects on the muscular fibre, by instantly destroying its irritability. Hence the necessity of great caution in applying warm water to the surface of bodies recently immersed in water, in cases of suspended respiration, as heat may be equally as bad as cold with regard to its effects on the muscular fibre, which by Mr. P. is considered in some degree the organ of life. Blood he regards as essential to life only as a stimulus to muscular irritability, and the abstraction of blood occasions death through the want of its stimulating powers to the muscles. The stomach he considers as the most important organ of the human frame, and its irritability is so excessive, that a blow on it will instantly destroy life, though the heart can support a wound some days.

By a careful analysis by professor Davy, the following results have been obtained from different kinds of wheat:

	gluten.	*starch.*	*insoluble parts.*
From 100 parts of Sicilian wheat	21	75	5
Ditto of spring wheat of 1804	24	70	6
Ditto of good English wheat of 1803	19	77	4
Ditto of blighted wheat of 1804	13	52	44

Hence it may be deduced, that bread made of flour of spring wheat is more nutritious than that made of winter wheat, because spring wheat contains a larger

proportion of the gluten or half animalized matter; and, also, that a miller ought not to deduct from the price of spring wheat more than two per cent. on the money price of winter wheat of the same weight, as the excess of the weight of insoluble matter, or bran, is no more than two per cent. when compared with good English wheat. Bread made of spring wheat is less white than that made of the better sorts of winter wheat, but it is more palatable; qualities probably owing to the excess of gluten contained in it.

Prussia.

M. Hultz, a Prussian astronomer, published an opinion, in August last, that the sun at that time was undergoing some considerable change. This opinion was founded on a number of spots occupying one-fifth part of its diameter in their length, and one-nineteenth in their breadth. These spots varied in their form, and were perceptibly changed in the course of two or three hours.

M. Buchholz has transmitted to the Academy of Sciences at Erfurt, an account of some new experiments on the ore of platina. The author endeavours to reconcile the contradictions of the English and French chemists relative to this metal. He finds that platina, in its crude state, contains four other metals, viz. osmium, iridium, rhodium, and palladium.

Austria.

The late M. Hadsi Niku, an eminent Russian, founded a school at Cronstadt for the education of modern Greeks. It already contains 34 students. The objects of instruction are the principles of religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the ancient Greek. The professors are monks of Mount Athos.

Of the literary journals published in Germany, that of Halle is the most read; after this, that of Jena; of other periodical works, the Freethinker is most in request, and after that, the Gazette of the Polite World. The Minerva of Archenholtz is read with much approbation. The Gazette of Neuwied retains its former estimation.

Portugal.

The literature of Portugal is about to receive a valuable accession in a translation of Voltaire's Henriade, by the marquez de Bellas, formerly ambassador extraordinary at the court of London, and now at the head of the judicial department in his own country. This work is to be inscribed to his accomplished and amiable daughter, and it is reported to do no small honour to the poetical talents of the illustrious translator.

Italy.

Last year was marked by terrible explosions of Vesuvius. On July 28, a concussion shook most of the houses in Naples; in the county of Molina, several towns and villages were almost entirely destroyed, and 30,000 inhabitants lost their lives. Soon after, Vesuvius appeared agitated; and on August 12, a violent eruption ensued, and the lava took its direction towards the sea with incredible velocity. Many naturalists, as Humboldt, Buck, the duke Della Torre, Guy-Lussac, &c. were eye-witnesses of this eruption, and have published accounts.

East Indies.

It is said that the directors of the East India Company, some time since, sent orders to their supercargoes to procure certain elementary books of the Chinese language for the use of their college at Hertford. Their agent was zealous to obtain them from Pekin, but the government immediately prohibited their exportation, under the severest penalties!

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES SPOKEN AT A MEETING HELD ON THE 29TH JANUARY, 1806, IN GREENOCK, TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS, THE SCOTTISH BARD.

ILLUSTRIOUS bard! who now attun'st thy lay
With kindred songsters in eternal day,
Where streams of living light incessant flow,
Far, far beyond the reach of human woe,—
O grant a spark of thy celestial fire,
To warm our fancy, and our muse inspire,
While to thy mem'ry here we pour the lay,
And solemnize with song thy natal day;
To thy immortal name attempt to raise
The annual tribute of our willing praise,
And sing the mysteries of thy humble birth,
How, like the daisy, first thou "glented" forth,
'Mid storms of life, and poverty severe,
I' th' "auld clay bigging" on the banks of Ayr.

See, in that sterile soil, the Scottish muse,
With fostering care, the seeds of song infuse
Into thy infant breast, while round thy brow
She binds the sacred gift, the holly bough;
And heaven-born Genius, from the realms of day,
Pour on those germs the intellectual ray;
Then glowing visions, rich, luxuriant, strong,
Sublimely rise in thy harmonious song.
Nature unveils to thy poetic eye
Her every form, her every varied dye;
Then with a master's hand we see thee trace
Her every feature with a charming grace;
Draw forth the landscape in the strain sublime,
From every season and from every clime.

See virgin Spring, by thee in daisies drest,
The blossom'd hawthorn deck her fragrant breast;
And dazzling Summer, mistress of the year,
In robes of light, of rosy hue, appear;
See mellow Autumn, rich, by plenty crown'd,
Serenely smiling, deal her blessings round;
And ruthless Winter, raging o'er the plain,
With storms and tempests howling in her train.

The Passions, too, upon thy call attend,
And to thy tuneful strains submissive bend;
Love, first in power, demands the votive song;
In melting measures then the harp is strung;
To scenes of transport, 'mong the broomy *knows**,
Where happy lovers breathe their mutual vows;
The fond embrace, the sweet half-granted kiss;
The tender sigh, that wakes a world of bliss;
Those dear bewitching, modest smiles that dart
Their powerful influence on th' enraptur'd heart:
These balmy breathings of thy heaven-taught lyre
Warm every heart, set every soul on fire.

* Hills.

Hope, dear companion of the spotless breast,
Points to some distant bliss yet unpossest;
With views of future happiness she cheers
The woe-worn pilgrim in this vale of tears.

Next trembling Fear, unable to controul
The dark forebodings of the guilty soul;
"Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest;
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest."

See Sorrow mourning o'er those ills of life
Man heaps on man, by cruelty and strife,
When mad Ambition mounts the blood-stain'd car,
And wields the desolating sword of War,
'Till some great Wallace rise and strike the blow
That hurls a tyrant to the shades below;
Then Peace, fair daughter of the cloudless sky,
Descends and wipes the tear from every eye.
Discord and Hatred, with their bloated train
Of selfish aims, shall vanish from the plain,
And man to man, by mutual good allied,
Shall brothers be, and lay their feuds aside.

Mirth next in sportive measure trips along,
And beats responsive to thy 'witching song;
Around th' inspiring bowl her joyous crew
The laugh, the song, and merry tale pursue;
Or mingling in the dance upon the green,
With cheerful rustics hail their rural queen.

Now sly Hypocrisy comes gravely on,
Assumes the saint, and heaves a godly groan,
While from her hollow, rotten heart arise
Fraud, scandal, long loud prayers, and lies:
Her voice is lifted up in holy wrath,
To wither Frailty with her pois'ning breath;
Presumes to wield Heav'n's own avenging rod,
And pour on man th' imputed wrath of God.

But see true Piety benign appear,
And o'er weak Nature shed the pitying tear,
And softly say, as said her Lord before,
Thee I condemn not, go and sin no more;
Relieve pale Misery from the jaws of Want;
To suffering Worth her aid in secret grant;
Then see her, when her pleasing task is o'er,
Of yielding succour to the humble poor,
Bend o'er the "big ha' Bible," and her God adore.

Thus sung th' immortal bard, whose honour'd name
Now ranks with heroes in the rolls of Fame;
His slumb'ring harp, unstrung, now hangs supine,
No minstrel left to wake its powers divine:
The mighty master met his hapless doom,
Untimely call'd to fill an early tomb.

O Scotia! to thy Burns some trophy raise,
To waft his sacred name to future days.
No monument yet rears its grateful head,
To mark his worth, or soothe his tuneful shade;
No tombstone o'er his hallow'd ashes rise,
To tell the stranger where thy poet lies;
The first of bards e'er tun'd thy oaten reed,
Sleeps undistinguish'd 'mong the common dead.
But yet, when ages shall have pass'd away,
And stately domes have moulder'd down to clay,
When brazen statues yield (as yield they must)

To wasting age, and crumble into dust,
The lasting labours of his muse sublime
Shall stand unhurt amid the wrecks of time—
A tow'ring column of immortal fame,
And bards unborn shall celebrate his name,
Warm'd by a spark of his ethereal flame.

For the Literary Magazine.

LOVE'S FOUR SENSES.

(After the ancient manner.)

THAT Love is blind, old poets say,
And Time has prov'd the saying true;
But Love can hear, feel, taste, and smell:
Love may his eyes for ever close,
Yet he can tell
When he a beauteous flow'r has chose!

Give to the touch the holly bough,
The sick'ning rue inhale awhile,
Then, without eyes, you may discover
A loathsome wreath entwin'd, to prove
That e'en a lover
May, without seeing, cease to love!

Who does not find the rose more sweet
Than the heart-sick'ning chamomile?
Who does not like a downy bed
In pref'rence to a couch of care,
Where Sorrow's head
May dreams of peaceful slumber share?

Who likes a stinging nettle bough
To bind his breast? Or who would hear
Discordant shrieks of ravens vile,
When dulcet music may delight,
And bid him smile
Through the long, tedious, wintry night?

Touch Lesbia's warm and downy hand;
Then press old Sarah's fist of wood;
Hear Anna chaunt her melting lay;
Then listen to the harsh, deep note
That spreads dismay
From brawling Bridget's husky throat!

Then say no more that Love can know
No diff'rence with his bandeau on;
FOUR SENSES speak, though he is blind;
He *feels* the *sound* of voices sweet;
He *tastes* the mind;
And *scents* the *sigh* of Pity's balmy treat!

Then trust not, Beauty, that, since Love
Is blind, he may be still deceiv'd;
For, well 'tis known, one sense subdu'd,
Those that remain more active grow;
And, though not view'd,
He all your witching pow'rs will know!

He, like the bee, will sigh to steal
Pure nectar from the glowing lip;
He will the downy hand delight
To press; but near a lion's claws,
In wild affright,
He'd tremble—at the lion's jaws!

Love can imbibe the spicy gale
That Delia's fragrant breath bestows;
But, when unwholesome fogs are near,
Love will contagious mischiefs dread,
And shrink with fear,
That pain and death are round him spread.

Then let the *urchin* only prove
His FOUR *fine* SENSES fraught with bliss;
And let him hide his radiant eyes:
Still blest will be the rosy boy,
While Time supplies,
For him, *a world of endless joy!*

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHOICE OF LIFE.

THE changing scenes of life I view'd
In my revolving mind,
And tried to grasp at happiness,
At least contentment find.

But now to gain that mighty point,
And calmly view each scene;

To strip rough passions of their force,
Nor let them intervene;

This must the work of life's road prove,
Our business here below:
Perfection's goal can't be attain'd,
As thro' this vale we go.

I would not live a dull recluse,
Nor through life gloomy roll;
For social converse brightens all,
And dignifies the soul.

Grant me some little calm retreat,
My friends all seated near;
And though the number be not great,
Oh let them be sincere.

My books and pen each peaceful day
The moments should employ,
And bright industry intervene,
Lest constant study cloy.

Industry, like the genial sun,
Adds growth to all around;
Where Sloth takes up his gloomy seat,
No chearful joys are found.

My income such as may afford
To chear the drooping breast,
And scatter comfort o'er the head
That's by misfortune prest.

So, when I'm gone, some tender friend
May say with moisten'd eye,
They hope Eliza now is blest
With raptur'd saints on high.

LAURA.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SINNERS AND THE SCULLS.

A TALE.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

A PAIR of youths, too fond of *missing*,
That is, of one sad crime call'd kissing,
Could never let the girls alone;
For ever busy with their lips—
Of Adam's blocks two nice young chips,
As good for love as e'er were known.

To expiate these kissing crimes,
Committed, Lord! a thousand times,
The priest enjoin'd them PENANCE twenty nights—
Each in his bed a human scull,
Cheek by jowl,
To try what good might be perform'd by frights.

In a few days the sinners met:
"Pierre, wasn't thee in a dev'lish sweat,
To sleep so near a d-m-'d old stinking head?
My senses all were nearly lost;
I dreamt of nothing but a ghost;
Egad I thought I should have died with dread.

Well, was not thine a dismal night?
How did thy spirits bear the fright?"
"Why, very pleasantly, faith (answer'd Pierre);
So far from seeing ghosts and hell
I ne'er lik'd penance half so well,
And yet the head was all night at my ear!"

"Why, how the deuce is this? (quoth Paul):
You mean to laugh at me, that's all:
Dost take me for an ass, so very dull!"
"Then to convince thee, Paul (quoth Pierre),
A trifling whisper in thine ear—
I had a female body to my SCULL!"

December, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

EPIGRAM.

TOM proudly swears he scribbles not for pelf—
His only motive is to please himself.
'Tis true, indeed; for all who read them own,
That Tom's productions please himself alone.